Handy Wire Netting. No. 3

Farthest North

IN the wilds of Sutherlandshire the gales on a winter night used to take the very roofs from over the heads of the crofters. Now the crofters sleep in peace.

This is how it is done :—

"Inverkirkaig," Lochinver, Sutherland, N.B.

"It used to be a constant worry to the inhabitants here how to secure their roofs from the winter blizzards, the only means then being grass ropes weighted down with a row of stones along the eaves. These ropes had to be renewed every second year, and even then they could not be relied on. One or more strands of rope would break during a stormy night, and the first intimation the inmates had being to see the stars peeping through.

At last some ingenious soul thought of getting wire netting in strips the length of the house, and lacing these together with wire until he had a sheet wide enough to cover the house down to the eaves, and then securing a number of stones the size of a brick and tying a short piece of stout wire round each with the ends tied into a hook. These he fixed into the meshes along the eaves. In the old system ropes and thatch had to be renewed every second year. I had a thatched house secured with netting which was not replaced for fifteen years.

Before this, everyone tried to replace thatching with some other form of roofing—slate or iron, etc.—but a thatched roof secured with wire netting has been found to be far more stormproof than slate, iron or felt, and certainly much warmer."

The starlit sky is a vision splendid, but there is in our correspondent's letter a note of deep thanksgiving to the wire netting which shuts it out and keeps the roof on his house in a gale.

British Wire Netting, made in the factories of the British Wire Netting Manufacturers' Association, can always be depended upon whatever the duty it is put to. Be sure, therefore, that the wire netting you buy has been made in the factories of the Association, and bears the label B.W.N.M.A., which is a guarantee of quality.

British Wire Netting marked with the B.W.N.M.A. Brand is supplied by all ironmongers

B·W·N M·A

British Wire Netting

THE BRITISH WIRE NETTING MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
123 Colmore Row, Birmingham.

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The Ideal 15·9 Owner-Driver's Car.

The Three-litre Bentley Long Wheelbase Chassis is admirably suitable for either a very roomy closed town carriage or a large open 5-seater Touring Car.

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Prices of 1923 Long Wheelbase Cars *(guaranteed* chassis speed 75 m.p.h.) are as follow:—

Double Saloon	£1575
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Saloon and Coupé	£1520
Four Seater (as illustrated) ..	£1425

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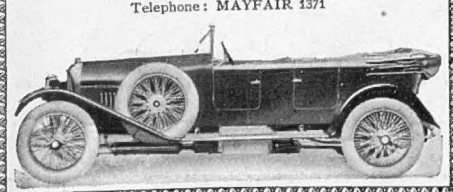

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THERE is no branch of industry where reputation is of such importance as in the motor industry. The careful buyer will be well advised to buy only a car with a good reputation. Our experience teaches us which are good Cars and which are inferior, our judgment may always be relied upon, because as open Agents we can sell *any* make of Car. For instance, if you want a speedy car with a wonderful record of successes behind it, you could not do better than

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It is remarkably fine value at £450 and if you desire to take advantage of our Deferred Payment Terms, here they are:—

To list price of 12 h.p. Talbot-Darracq £450, Plus Insurance premium for 1 year £13 11 10, Plus 6% credit charge for 18 months £27 16 4 = £491 8 2

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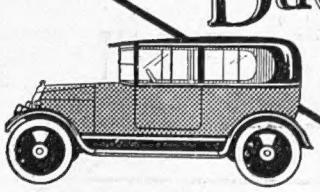
Phone: Mayfair 4828/9
Grams: Shomoto, Wesdo, London.



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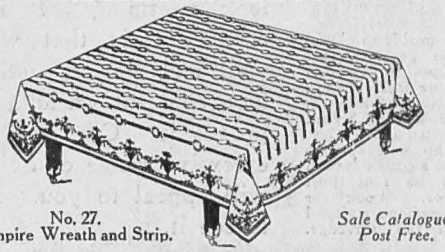

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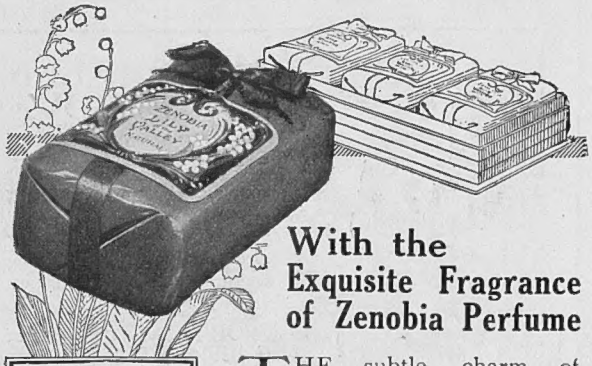

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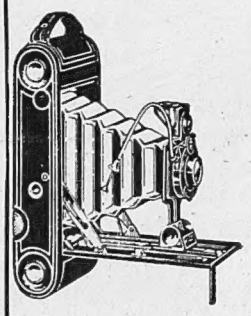

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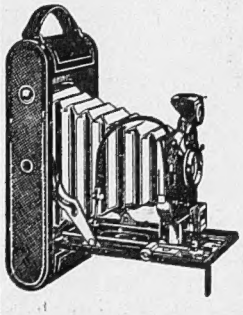

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New full-figure style, in white broche, low bust, slightly higher at back, lacing below busk. Six hose supporters. Sizes 24 to 36. **21/9**

Hand-made Nightdress in good quality Crepe-de-Chine, trimmed effective design of thread work, in pink and white **39/6**

Chemise and knickers to match, **21/9** each garment.

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NEW "MEDALLION" CORSET. In white coutil, with gussets at bust, and elastic gores at front of skirt. Six hose supporters. Sizes 24 to 36. **29/6**

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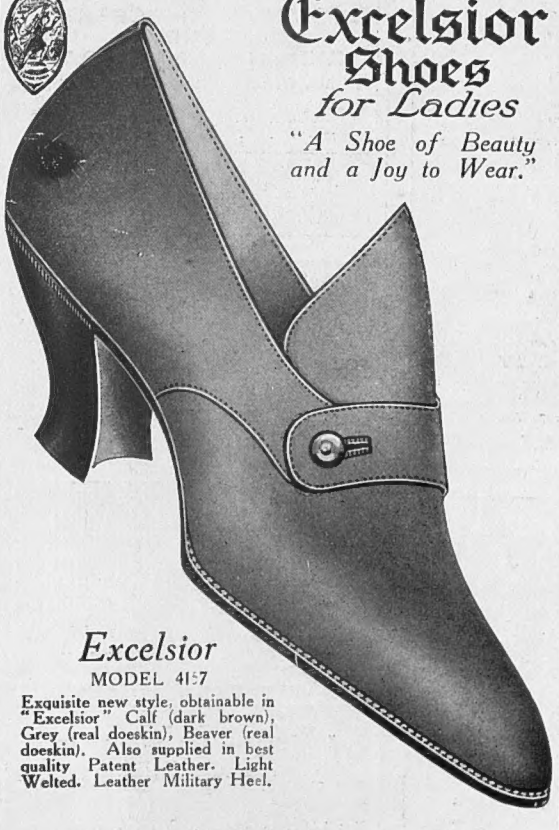

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SMART JUMPER (as sketch) in rich quality silk georgette, the front, back, and sleeves embroidered in beads in an effective design, finished at waist with band to correspond. In Black, Nigger, Navy Grey, Sand, and a variety of new colourings.

PRICE
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In rich heavy quality crepe de Chine, **79/6**

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EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
IN
CREPE DE CHINE
TEA FROCKS

Tea Frock *in good quality crepe de Chine, made on straight lines, knife-pleated from a deep pointed yoke, simple tie belt of own Crepe.*

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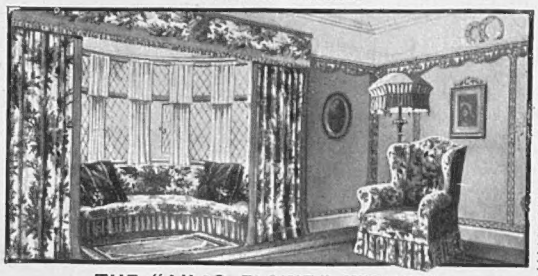
Resist Tropical Sun — **"Sunpruf"** UNFADABLE FABRICS — Sea Air and Washing



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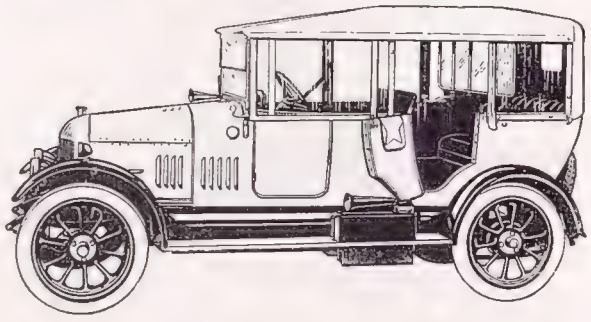

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The Bystander, April 11, 1923 No. 1010. Vol. LXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

LADY SINCLAIR

Is the wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair of Ulbster, the fourth baronet, M.P. for Caithness. She is the daughter of Lady Angela Forbes and, consequently, niece of Lady Millicent Hawes and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox

Photograph *Keturah Collings*

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE

The eldest daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge and niece of the King and Queen, whose engagement to the Marquess of Worcester, the Duke of Beaufort's only son, has been announced

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

A Chequered Budget

Now that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has completed, in the privacy of "Chequers," his chequered Budget, we can turn our thoughts to the people and things he *might* have taxed—but didn't.

"Laburnum Lodge"

The people who put names on their wretched little villas, for instance, when a number would be so much more convenient! Have you ever called on a gentleman living at "Laburnum Lodge" on a dark, wet night? You start by working across the road, criss-cross fashion. You finish, as the old song has it, in a puddle, right up to your middle, and never go there any more. By all means tax the owner of "Laburnum Lodge," to begin with.

Two Kinds of Taxes

Taxation should have two objects in view. Firstly, it should aim at raising revenue, and, secondly, it should aim at suppressing public nuisances. Judicious taxation might rid us of so many things that never would be missed. I won't start making a list—it would take too long.

Chelsea Pirates

A reader complains that when he last saw Chelsea play at Stamford Bridge he was told at the gates that only ten shilling tickets were left. He bought three of these from two men who had all the appearance of being officials, and found that they were only good for the five-shilling enclosure. I'm very sorry for him, but I don't quite know what he wants me to do about it. He has my sympathy, of course, but whether he values it at twelve-and-nine—the amount that went into the pockets of the pirates—I can't say.

"Polly" at the Palace

Talking of Chelsea pirates reminds me that there is a great to-do over the production of *Polly* at the Chelsea Palace. I hear that this version has not been authorised by the producers of the Savoy *Polly*, and that all sorts of terrible things are likely to happen in consequence. Mayhap, we shall be hearing of a duel in "the woods of Walham Green," in which Hubert Bath will appear armed to the teeth with a B-flat Oompah.

York Minster

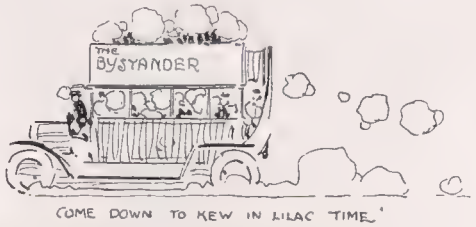
Of course, you have noticed that magnificent picture of York Minster that is appearing in the Underground Railways and elsewhere, and possibly you have wondered why it has been issued. The artist, Fred Taylor, told me the other evening that its object is to raise funds for the preservation of the wonderful windows for which the Minster is famous. The original painting is now on exhibition at the R.I., and is proving one of the most attractive features of an unusually interesting show.

Wives and Income Tax

America is very busy passing charters that give women increased rights, and everyone will approve of such broad-minded action. Perhaps, while they are about it, they will grant women the privilege of paying their own income tax, instead of saddling husbands with the responsibility. In his play, *A Roof and Four Walls*, Temple Thurston has a most delightful little scene, in which the

'HAD ALL THE APPEARANCE OF BEING OFFICIALS'

'THERE IS A GREAT TO-DO OVER THE PRODUCTION OF 'POLLY' AT THE CHELSEA PALACE'



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MATHESON LANG in THE BAD MAN.
H. O. Nicholson, Florence Saunders, Alfred Drayton.

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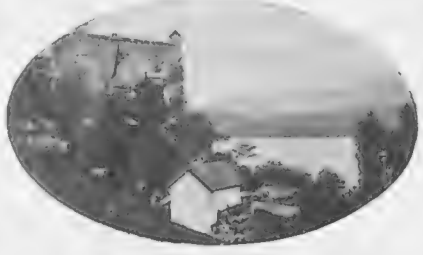

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Telegrams - - - "Mirabeau, Aix-les-Bains"

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Income Tax inspector calls on an unsuccessful husband with regard to his successful wife's super tax, and the great male heart of the audience goes out nightly to Mr. Nicholas Hannen when he asks why these things should be.

Borstal Boys

I SUPPOSE the three Borstal boys who went to sea in an open boat have been duly spanked for their adventure, but when I read of their exploit I was all for giving them something out of the poor-box. It was a wild night, and their boat was swamped under them. The second boat they tried also sank, and, in the third, they were buffeted about till morning. Those boys have got the right stuff in them if it can be brought out. I hope the Borstal training is calculated to do this.

Later Closing

SUMMER Time is coming in on April 22, and I am wondering if the theatres have seriously considered the advisability of putting back their opening hour until nine o'clock or even later. The success of the *Nine O'clock Revue* and the slump during past summers bring this suggestion into the realms of practical politics, and I have no doubt that the transport companies would fall into line.

My Garden—

I WAS walking round my garden the other morning, and, I must say, I was very pleased with it. I am not one of those curmudgeons who keep their gardens to themselves. Anyone can walk into my garden. The gates are always open, and there are seats for you to sit upon. Chairs are placed under the trees, and I permit tea to be served in a pleasant corner of my grounds.

—At—

NATURALLY, I have to see that a few simple regulations are enforced. My garden is closed to visitors at sundown, and I set them a good example by obeying these regulations myself. I do not force my proprietorship, and several of my gardeners do not even realise that I am their employer. I encourage them to treat me exactly as they would treat my humblest guest. Once, when I had inadvertently remained after closing-time, one of them was quite severe about it, and I liked him all the better for that.

—Kew!

I HAVE entertained many poets in my garden, and they have written of it in glowing terms. W. E. Henley and Alfred Noyes have immortalised it, the latter's verse being particularly appropriate just now, when the lilac trees are bursting into bud and bloom. I needn't quote the lines—you know them sufficiently well to quote them for yourselves. I can only repeat his invitation:

Come down to Kew in lilac-time
It isn't far from London.

Photograph *British Illus.*

THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

A recent picture of Lord Porchester and his wife. As the late Earl of Carvarvon's only son, Lord Porchester has succeeded to the title on the tragic death of his father

One Who Knows

ALL sorts of things have been written about *Angelo*, the big new show at Drury Lane. Friendly critics have tried to bolster it up with fatuous praise, and other critics have gleefully torn it to shreds, but the last word must rest with Arthur Collins, who placed a personal note on the board at the staff entrance, thanking the stage hands for the loyal support they had given him "in one of the most difficult and complicated productions we have ever staged at Drury Lane."

A Clever Play

WHILE I am on the subject of plays I must put in a word for that most excellent production, *Love in Pawn*, at the Kingsway. Anyone producing a play at this out-of-the-way corner of the theatrical world has my sympathy, but I rely on all good Bystanders to take my advice and roll up in their thousands.

Our Greatest Actress

WHO is our greatest living actress now that Sarah Bernhardt no longer treads the world's stage? Alfred Wareing, who ought to know, sends me a letter that would stir the theatrical dovecotes if I could print it in full. Briefly, he claims that the honour rightly belongs to Mrs. Kendal, now living in retirement at Filey, and he quotes W. E. Henley as saying, "I have seen Mrs. Kendal do things that neither Sarah Bernhardt nor Ellen Terry could touch." Alfred Wareing lives in Yorkshire these days, and perhaps that is why he supports so strongly the claims of his neighbour at Filey.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Lord Worcester's Engagement

THE engagement of Lady Mary Cambridge, the Queen's niece, to the Marquis of Worcester creates another family tie between the Royal family and the nobility. Since the Duke of Beaufort has been obliged to give up the active management of the Beaufort Hunt, the duties have been taken over by his son and heir with conspicuous success. Love of horses and hounds is a heritage of the Beaufort family, and Lord Worcester has inherited a full measure. Lady Mary Cambridge has similar tastes, and is not only keen on hunting, but is a remarkably good horsewoman.

There is already a slight tie of relationship between the young people, as maternal ancestresses on either side were sisters. These ladies were born Leveson-Gowers, daughters of the Marquis of Stafford, and figure in the famous picture of his children, called "The Dancing Grandmothers," since so many families descended from them), which used to be at Stafford House, and now hangs at Dunrobin.

On her mother's side Lady Mary is a cousin of the Duke of Westminster, Lord Chesham and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew.

Desart Court and Derreen

I'VE just heard two instances of the power of the priesthood in Ireland. When Desart Court, Lord Desart's beautiful place near Kilkenny, was burnt to the ground the village priest denounced the crime on the following Sunday in church. Several ribald spirits at the end of the church openly jeered at his admonitions. The priest bore the interruption for some time; then suddenly he left the pulpit and walked down the aisle to where the mockers were sitting. Mentioning each by name he solemnly cursed them. The men, terrified, fled out of the church.

Lord Desart was a good landlord and on such excellent terms with his people that the outrage was not even anticipated. The situation was the same at Derreen, Lord Lansdowne's house in County Kerry, but its destruction obviously proved too strong a temptation to the villagers. There, the priest gave out in church that if he found any of his parishioners with "loot" from Derreen in their cottages he would refuse them absolution. The result has been a steady flow of anonymous parcels to the ruined house, amongst them a quantity of valuable house-linen.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

HIGHLAND folk are recalling the fact that the Brahan Seer some two hundred years ago prophesied that the direct line of the Mackenzies of Seaforth would end with the late Lord Seaforth. The prophecy has been fulfilled. Brahan Castle is left to Lady Seaforth for her lifetime, then it goes to Lord Seaforth's great-nephew and his sister Lady St. Helier's grandson, the Hon. Francis Brodrick. The heir's mother was Lady St. Helier's daughter by her first marriage to the Hon. John Stanley, and is Lord Midleton's second wife.

Photograph

H.M. The King and his four sons

Lord Seaforth was chief of Clan Kenneth, but whether his great-nephew will succeed him in that dignity I don't know enough of Highland clan rules and law to tell you.

Victorian Amenities

LOOKING through a bundle of old family letters written in the 'fifties of the last century I came across an amusing description of Lord and

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE WEDDING GROUP AT EUSTON HALL

After the reception given by the Duke and Duchess of Grafton for the Duchess of Grafton's daughter, the Hon. Isolde Borthwick, and Captain G. J. R. Cooper, the eldest son of Sir George Cooper, Bt. The Duke of Grafton is sitting on the bride's left, the bride's mother next to the bridegroom

"BY THE RIGHT!" *Central News*

taking their early morning ride in the grounds of Windsor Castle

Lady William Poulett, who were afterwards third Duke and Duchess of Cleveland.

Lady William, a daughter of the first Earl of Lonsdale, was evidently a most portentous lady. When she saw her husband engaged in conversation with any dame she found too good-looking, she would "sail across the room," and say to her, "Lord William is a man of no education." And the poor man sat in Parliament for forty-five years!

His spouse, having shot her bolt, would "sail away," whereupon Lord William's invariable remark was, "My wife is very unfortunate. Poor devil, she's so constituted she can't mix her drinks!"

Royal Movements.

THE King and Queen had a family party at Windsor for the Easter holidays—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, and Prince George. Their Majesties will remain there until next week, when they return to London for the Duke of York's marriage.

The day after his brother's wedding, the Prince of Wales goes to Brussels to pay a visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians, and on May 5 the King and Queen leave for Rome. They will be back in London about May 15, and return again to Windsor for Ascot week.

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are coming back to Chesterfield House this week, but they will be going to Goldsborough at the end of May, when the Prince of Wales will be staying with Lord and Lady Harewood at Harewood Hall for his long promised visit to Leeds.

Charlie Chaplin in "Classical Drama."

I WON'T vouch for the truth of it. I just tell you good people what I have been told. This is, that Charlie

Photograph *L.N.A.*

IN HOLIDAY MOOD

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles watching the races at Wetherby, Yorks. They also attended the Doncaster Hackney Show, where Princess Mary presented some of the principal prizes

Photograph *Topical*

AT HAWTHORN HILL

Lady Stanley and the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt at the Household Brigade 'Chases held last week. The Prince of Wales brought off a popular win on Little Favourite in the Welsh Guards' Challenge Cup

Chaplin is coming to England to play the hero in a "film version of a classical drama." I remember Sir Herbert Tree telling me, after his visit to Los Angeles, that Charlie Chaplin was the most serious-minded comic man he had ever met. If the news is really true what an adventure! And will a world that has flocked to the cinema for years, certain of laughter from Charlie Chaplin, accept him as the hero of a classical drama? Perhaps it will all depend on how he uses his feet.

A Peril of Mischief-Making

THE distinction the *monde* makes between divorced women was brought home to me very painfully the other day at Brighton. Passing down a side street near the front I saw an elderly woman being helped down the steps of a dingy fifth-rate boarding-house by a bath chairman and a maid-of-all-work. With a shock I recognised a woman who both by birth and marriage had once occupied a distinguished position. Her eldest girl was eighteen when she and h[illegible] lover forced her husband to divorce her by running away. They married immediately the *decree nisi* was pronounced. Two years later the second husband died. But the doors of society were irrevocably closed upon that woman.

The divorce case had been in no way sensational—no flaming headlines in the newspapers. It was undefended. When one thought of other women who had flung their bonnets far more publicly over the windmill it was difficult to understand the ostracism meted out in this particular case.

A former acquaintance of the unhappy woman—to whom I told what I had seen at Brighton—gave me what is, perhaps, the explanation of the difference.

"Poor thing," she said, "but if she hadn't made so much mischief and been such a *mauvaise langue* people wouldn't have been so hard on her. There were so many who wanted to get a bit of their own back!"

Time's Scythe

IT is a curious coincidence that the announcement of the deaths of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker and of W. H. Mallock should have appeared on the same day, for both occupied very much the same position in the later Victorian time in literature and Society.

I don't believe anybody ever spent more of their time in other people's houses than W. H. Mallock. The greater part of his year was passed in paying visits literally from John o' Groats to Land's End, and he himself said that practically all his books were written in the bedrooms of country houses.

Mrs. Arthur Henniker was a most charming woman. She was Lord Crewe's sister, and during his Viceroyalty at Dublin acted as his hostess, he then being a widower. Dublin Castle never had a kindlier or more gracious *châtelaine*.

And then Lord Carnarvon's death! It is a tragedy that he did not see the fruits of all his labours in Egyptian exploration in the opening of the gilded shrine in the Tutankhamen tomb.

Photograph] **THE LADIES' RACE** *[Topical*

Miss C. Blackburn, on Simon the Jester, leading the field in the South and West Wilts Point-to-Point at Manor Farm, Motcombe. Mrs. Foster on Bubbly, and Miss O. Wyndham on Saffron, are seen approaching the last obstacle

Photograph *Central News*

"... TO HUNT DOWN LIFE'S UNFURROWED FIELDS"

The Marquis of Worcester and his fiancée Lady Mary Cambridge at a recent meet, at Tottenham House, Savernake Forest, of the Beaufort, the Mastership of which he has taken over since the retirement of his father, the Duke of Beaufort

Our Frontispiece

LADY SINCLAIR, whose portrait by Mr. Alan Stern, forms our frontispiece this week, is the wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, of Ulbster, who

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH AND MR. GUBBINS

At the High Peak Harriers Point-to-Point at Flagg Moor, Buxton

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

STAUNCH ERIDGE SUPPORTERS

Lady Camden and her two daughters, Fiona and Irene, following the events at the Eridge 'Chases as keenly as they have followed the hounds during the hunting season

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

LADY BRECKNOCK AND THE HON. CHARLES RHYS

At the Eridge Steeplechase meeting held at Bridge Farm on Easter Monday

succeeded his grandfather, the art-loving Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, some eleven years ago. Sir Archibald is Liberal M.P. for Caithness, and during the Coalition Government was military secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY JEAN HAMILTON

Daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, at the South and West Wilts Point-to-Point at Manor Farm

Lady Sinclair is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Angela Forbes, the sister of Lady Millicent Hawes and the late Lady Westmorland, and consequently is a cousin of the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Westmorland. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair used to live in a charming house in Cheyne Walk, which they have now let to Mr. Lloyd George.

A New Dance Club

THE London Club, which opened auspiciously last Wednesday, strikes a new note in dance clubs, inasmuch as it caters not only for the dancing proclivities of its five thousand members, but also for their social recreation. Below the huge ball-room —said to be the biggest in the kingdom —is a monster billiard-hall with forty tables, and on the ground floor are card rooms, reading-rooms, and several "fountains"—soda and otherwise. The annual subscription is only £1 1*s.* for men, and 10*s.* 6*d.* for women.

Photograph] **"ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!"** *[Sport and General*

The Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice and Lady May Cambridge, smile at the ubiquitous camera-man at the Household Brigade Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill

Photograph *Le Noir*

A NET-CORD (SNAP)SHOT

Of Mrs. Wolfson (left), Mme. Danet, Mrs. Mallory and Mlle. de Alvarez on the Beau Site Courts during the Cannes Championship Tournament. Mlle. de Alvarez is the young Spanish player who has shown such promise in the Riviera tournaments of this year. She has beaten, amongst others, Miss Leslie Bancroft, America's second-best lady player

The Riviera Week by Week

OLD notions of the Riviera must be revised more than ever this season. It used to be Cannes for respectable worthy families of the best classes, both French and British, Monte Carlo for the gay and open gamblers, and Menton for invalids and morally delicate people who would not live at naughty Monte, but spent every afternoon in the rooms instead of the concert-halls they said they were going to. Now distance is annihilated by the splendid service of the Auto-Riviera cars. There is at least as heavy gambling at Cannes as at Monte, and Menton has become a gay paradise for young and old, with as much, or more, dancing, card-playing, tennis, croquet, concerts and casino amusements as the other resorts. Perhaps the municipal authorities have consulted Dr. Voronoff. Anyway, the battles of flowers, carnival, Casino balls, etc., have been splendidly done this year, and the public gardens are lovely. The Imperial Hotel has taken a big lead, too, and the guests there have never had a gayer or more interesting time. The Princess Victoria and the crowd of very distinguished visitors there have found the weekly fancy balls very amusing and enjoyable. In a few weeks many of the guests will be off to Evian, the most lovely summer climate and green paradise of France on the Lake of Geneva—almost unknown to the British—where there is golf and tennis and scenery and air of the best, and where Monsieur Bossart transfers his excellent staff from the Imperial to the Royal and Splendide Hotels, high above the famous lake.

GARAVAN, forty long years ago, honoured Queen Victoria with a lovely *fête de nuit*, but not lovelier than the Venetian fête recently given there in honour of the British Royalties on the Riviera, which included her son,

Photograph *Vianello*

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Mr. Gaslini (left), of the Genoa Club, and Mr. Grounsel, of the Bordighera Club, winners of the two most important prizes at the International Lawn Tennis Tournaments recently held at San Remo

the popular Duke of Connaught, who inherits her energy in the cause of charity, and her granddaughter, Princess Victoria. It was a real "Arabian Nights Entertainment" in the country of their old-time forays. The old town, with its frame of glorious mountains, the old harbour, the weird olive woods, and the lovely bay, with Cap Martin sleeping solemnly on the far side, the deep blue of the star-lit sky, the red lights everywhere in lovely villa gardens from leaping bonfires on the hill tops and fairy-like boats on the dark Midland Sea. Captain Leslie Richardson's yacht, *Sylvabelle*, won first prize, disguised as a swan with white electric lights. The villas and hotels, the "Rochers Rouges," the "Pergola" on the shore, and the "Amirauté" were crammed with gay dining and dancing parties. At the last-named the King of Sweden was dining with Lady

Photograph *Bar*

A PLAYER OF PROMISE

Mlle. Vlasto snapped with her mother at Cannes. This fine young French player beat Mrs. Mallory before losing to Mrs. Beamish in the semi-final of the Ladies' Singles at the Cannes Championships. Like Mlle. de Alvarez, whom she defeated, her future will be watched with much interest

Watts, who had collected many friends, including the Maire and his wife and Prince Engalicheff. There also, the Earl of Kintore, Mrs. Caroll, Mrs. Hanbury, Lady Eva Wemyss, Prince Lotfallar, Lady Ashburton, and Lord and Lady Ossory were the guests of Princess Hatzfelt. I saw at Mr. Pusch's table Admiral the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, and Mr. and Mrs. Castiglioni.

PLENTY of novelties all through this excellent opera season. Messrs. John MacCormack and Halkett and other stars are giving of their best. *Schyrine*—home-made in Monaco by a former violoncellist of the great orchestra—Monsieur Gustave Graeffe—was a most interesting and charming production. The story was written by Princess Mirza Riza, the Swedish wife of the old Persian Prince-Diplomat, who lives here, and it was put into verse by the late Mayor of Monaco, Monsieur Suffren Raymond

Dog Days at Monte—And Some Cannes Celebrities

THE MARQUISE DE MALEISSYE

LADY DE BATHE

PRINCESS KRASSINSKA OF RUSSIA

Three notable exhibitors and some well-groomed little aristocrats of the dog world, at the Annual Dog Show on The Terrace, Monte Carlo

IN THE "STALLS"

Mr. Allan Lehman (left), the New York banker, the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay and Mrs. Lehman at the Cannes Polo

QUITE NON-POLITICAL!

The Dolly Sisters—despite all rumours from the House of Lords—are still at Cannes, as our photograph of the two comediennes, with Miss Pearl White of film fame, clearly shows

Photographs

A POLO SCENE—THOUGH MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Major H. E. Lyons (left), Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Sainsbury and a friend, and Mr. W. S. McCreery waiting for the start of play

E. Navello and Le Noir

A SHADY CORNER OF CANNES

Lady Milford-Haven (left), Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Amy Coats and Miss Coats at the Cannes Golf Club

GOLFITIS

A POT-POURRI OF GOLF

AIR : *" Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit-Bag."*

PACK up your troubles in your old golf bag and play, play, play,
The sun is shining and the sky is blue,
It's a golfer's day.
What's the use of worrying, you'll never play to scratch ;
Go and play with freedom and without a care, you'll win your match.

AIR : *" Click, click, I'm a Monkey on a Stick "* (*Geisha*)

CLEEK, cleek, you're a monkey of a stick,
Anyone with you can play,
For the ball gets very " wick " as it leaves you with a click,
And lies well up on the sweet fairway.

AIR : *" Sammy "* (*Earl and the Girl*)

SAMMY, I use a Sammy, I find it useful when going round,
Sammy, Oh ! oh ! oh ! Sammy, you are most helpful to cover ground.
Sammy, Oh ! oh ! oh ! Sammy, I'd love to use you for every shot,
Sammy, my dear old Sammy—you're quite the best of all I've got.

AIR : *" I Love a Lassie "*

I LOVE my Brassie, my bonnie blooming Brassie,
It's a club I'd rather have than any cleek,
For I use it in September, and I use it in November,
And I'd use it every day in every week ;
Yes, I love the club so dearly, and I tell ye very clearly,
I think I'll sell ye all my ither sticks,
For my fondness is so utter, I could use it for a putter,
Aye, I'd almost rather play without my breeks.

AIR : *" It's Nicer to be in Bed."*

OH, I do like a round in the morning when the sun begins to shine,
To just turn out at 10 o'clock, and be back for lunch in time ;
For when the breeze is blowing all the cobwebs fly from my head,
Oh, I would like a round every morning, but I've got to be working instead.

AIR : *" Swing High, Swing Low "* (*Veronique*)

SWING high, swing low, swing easy, so
Your eye on the ball is the first thing you know,
Your stroke well time—you'll feel sublime,
And you'll feel you'll play golf in no time, no time,
Swing high, swing low—not too and fro.

AIR : *" Prithee, Pretty Maiden "* (*Patience*)

He—

PRITHEE, pretty maiden, prithee tell me true,
Hey, but I'm hopeful willow, willow, waly,
I would dearly love to fix a match with you,
Hey, willow, waly oh !
Please don't be so haughty, I am only forty,
Hey, willow, waly oh !

She—

Gentle sir, to play you I am much inclined,
Hey, but I'm sporty, willow, willow waly.
I'd just like to beat you if you wouldn't mind,
Hey, willow, waly oh !
Fix the match—I'll strike it (though your wife mayn't like it),
Hey, willow, waly oh !

AIR : *" The Bogey Man "*

HUSH, hush, hush, here comes the bogey man,
He's going to get his sweeteners, as many as he can,
Hush, hush, hush, he's got his plus bags on,
Every club has specimens of this phenomenon.

AIR : *" Sweet and Low "*

SWEET and low, sweet and low, well away from the tee
Low, low see it go ; that's how a ball should be,
Well on its journey the course to pursue,
Just a full swing and a clean follow through,
Up on the fairway sweet,
Fly, my little one, run, my little one, run.

AIR : *" After the Ball."*

AFTER the ball went over, after the ball had flown,
Over the fence I'm climbing, its life had but just begun,
Rummaging in a meadow—Hark to the farmer's call,
Don't care a d—— for the farmer,
I'm after my ball.

AIR : *" God Save the King."*

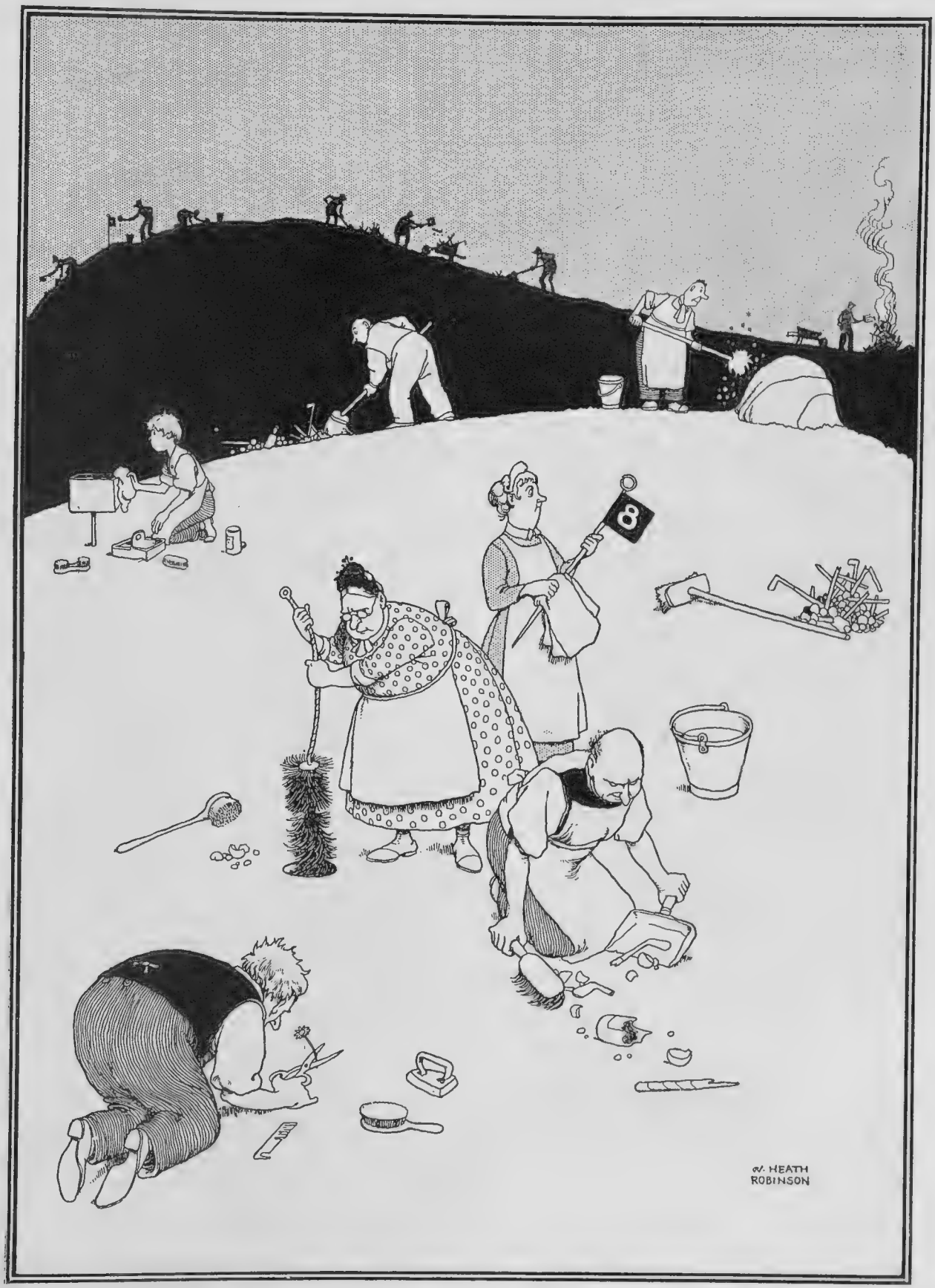
I'VE lost a Silver King,
I've lost a Silver King,
A Silver King.
It wore a dot of blue,
Off through the air it flew,
Found fields and pastures new,
My Silver King.

N. B. H.

BY ALFRED LEETE

NAILING HIMSELF IN

Clean Sport



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Spring-cleaning a golf course in readiness for the Spring season

A Difficult Declaration

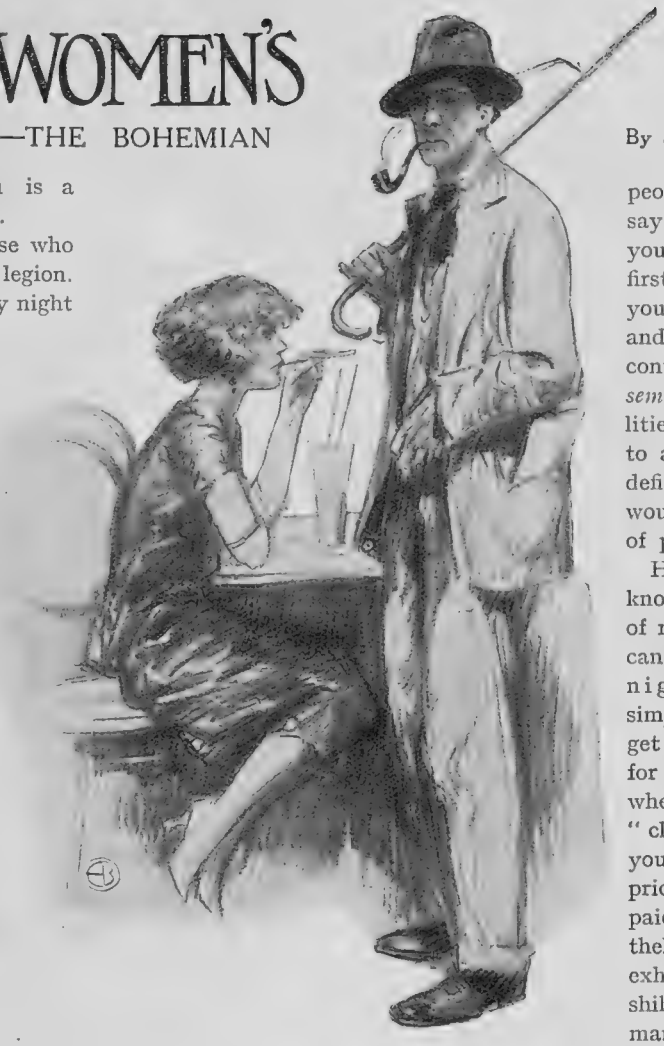
BY PERCY GRAVES

WEAK IN CLUBS—BUT STRONG IN HEARTS

OTHER WOMEN'S MEN

No. V.—THE BOHEMIAN

By SYLVIA SEALE



YOUR true Bohemian is a somewhat rare type.

The names of those who like to be thought one are legion.

The latter you can see any night in the Café Royal lounge or sitting hunched against the wall at the Ham Bone Club. At each place, on a full night, you will also see the real species, rather *piano* and overwhelmed by the false, who are greatly in the majority, as the false always are.

In the environs of Chelsea you will find him more easily, generally in someone else's studio; a studio large and stuffy, the north lights shrouded with rep curtains, very dusty and falling from their hooks. A studio littered with cups of yesterday's congealed cocoa, now being used as receptacles for cigarette ends, and weird, unfinished pictures of the angular nude.

There are not as many of him about as there were before the War, because to be interesting, since the War, you must be dangerously exciting. He is neither. Nevertheless, there are still marked characteristics about this man, against all of which you can only bracket the word "Bohemian" as being the most descriptive.

He has never at any time or in any place been seen in a new suit of clothes. Even though he may not be as poor as you or me, when our net annual incomes are compared, he creates an atmosphere of pathetic devil-may-care poverty.

His clothes are, for the most part, of the herring-bone or Harris tweed variety, almost threadbare about the elbows and knees and entirely shapeless. His flannel shirt, very grubby as to the cuffs, is almost obscured—there is grim subtlety in this—by an enormous black bow or a tie of noisome hues, every one of which clashes with the colour of his suit. If you remonstrate with him about this he smiles wanly, and says, "My poor girl, can't you see, the tones blend *really*, you have a worldy, commonplace eye, whereas I. . . ."

. . . . . .

Standing in a Tube lift on a drenching day, with a dozen people staring coldly at him because of his bizarre appearance, he will lean nonchalantly against the wall eating an apple rather noisily, and continuing his absorption in a copy of Rupert Brooke's poems entirely unmoved. But if he hears a woman whisper to her companion, "What an interesting face; I wonder who it is?" he will be amply repaid for the sneer which lies behind the mackintoshed men's eyes.

He follows some obscure form of art or letters, usually in the abstract, infrequently in the concrete; but if the latter, he is introduced to you by your fashion-drawing woman friend as Mr. So-and-So, "who writes, you know." He is not one of those people to whom you can say bluntly, "What do you write?" because first of all you feel you ought to know, and secondly, his whole conversation and *ensemble* suffuses generalities. To tie him down to anything so vulgarly definite as this question would be, you feel, out of place.

He lacks entirely any knowledge of the value of money. Although he can show you in which night club of the simpler sort you can get a pair of kippers for ninepence, and where you can get a "clump" sole put on your boots at half the price you have ever paid, he will, nevertheless, in moments of exhilaration, give a ten shilling note to the man who gets the taxi, "because I like his face, and feel sure he has a wife and seven children somewhere."

His generosity knows few limits; his diffidence when asking for assistance, financial or otherwise, is so marked as to be embarrassing to the donor. His gaiety and *joie de vivre* is unquenchable, except before 11 a.m., when he views life with a jaundiced outlook. His irresponsibility is incurable. Time has no meaning for him. If he says you are to be there at nine he will stroll in at a quarter past ten, and seem faintly astonished to find you have arrived before him.

It is no good asking him what the date is. He has never been known to give it correctly. Tidiness in his sitting-room or wardrobe is anathema to him. If his wife, or the as-near-as-makes-no-odds, folds all his dreadful stringy ties up into neat little heaps in his drawer, they will be in twenty-four hours a tumultuous mass of jumbled colour. He can see no earthly reason why the shaving soap should not be stuck

on the ledge of the window sill on its dampened end, instead of in the tin to which it belongs; the latter has either been lost, or commandeered for sticks of paint if he is an artist, or stubs of indescribable pencil if he writes. He sees no necessity for shaving every day, and certainly never before 3 p.m.

He does not talk about his work. His conversation, on the whole is rather inane, with occasional flashes of brilliant satire. What turns his soul to water is to be asked to take part in a serious conversation. He seldom says what he means on any serious matter. When a serious topic is afoot he relapses into a dead silence and looks unutterably, pathetically bored, though his own personal comfort may be at stake. But ask him to participate in a matter where cheap cynicism may run riot and he will take the floor by the hour.

When he can be induced to shake off the fetters of daily habit and take a proper summer holiday, it is usually in Brittany that you will find him; here he, takes the minimum of fresh air, preferring the four-o'clock-in-the-morning society of the *patron* of a little-known *café* in an unfashionable street, a mile or two from where he is staying.

On nights of public rejoicing he plunges in off the deepest end, gets into vociferous argument with patient though overworked policemen for what he describes, thickly, as gross interference with the "rights and liberties of the citizen;" and has immense difficulty subsequently in finding a friend capable of bailing him out. He is generally a *poseur*.

If he really is poor this attitude is an excellent cloak for poverty. If you are conventional, things are expected of you which you cannot afford. If you are subtly a slipshod Bohemian you are forgiven by the charitably disposed, who remark, "Oh, you mustn't mind him, he is a dreamer."

Although one always rather distrusts the veracity of the self-advertised Bohemian who is never tired of affirming that he hasn't a notion where the week's rent is coming from, seeing that the rent money *is* eventually paid and they are not evicted; yet they are seldom really affluent in the sense of Savoy and Carlton luxuriance. If he is a true Bohemian and acquires sudden wealth by the death of a relative (there are few other channels of opportunity open, since neither art nor indolence necessitate the evasion of super-tax payments) he ceases to be a Bohemian despite himself.

By Elsa Courlander

THE SOCIAL "ROUND"

"What did you go round in yesterday?"
"Oh, my saxe-blue jumper!"

He drifts automatically into the sphere of the clean, stiff evening shirt and the patent leather shoes that have not trod the pavements from the Tube station. Wealth, in whatever degree it may descend upon him, breeds a social status that is quite foreign to his temperament. He longs to smoke a pipe, with a crooked stem, in places where cigar smoke passes in pungent clouds across his eyes, and women smoke cigarettes in long jade holders. He finds himself asked out to dine in houses where you can't smoke between every course, flicking your ash wherever your hand happens to be. He finds he is expected to mouth social platitudes to women not of his own choosing, who are obviously making rapid and vapid small talk with their eyes everywhere but on him.

People, in the new world into which he has been unconsciously thrust, refer to his erstwhile fraternity as "those dreadful arty people—*you* know." And for a time he is irked by it, and has spasms of acute unhappiness.

But while he is still held in the thraldom of fellow Bohemians by circumstance and inclination he cannot exist without being beset by a passing throng of women, most of whom he falls desperately in love with, for short periods. It is amusing to see him with the latest soul affinity. He sits, letting interminable cups of coffee get stone cold before drinking them, one leg crooked under the other, on the sofa-seat in the *café* or cabaret that his type of woman frequents.

He never takes his eyes from her face and hair (which is usually bobbed and rather dusty), and is totally unconcerned with the fact that he is proclaiming to an amused world that he has "got it again." Eventually he becomes so ensnared and so romantically insistent that she marries him.

She should not be surprised and hurt that he is consistently unfaithful to her.

Constancy and Bohemianism seldom go hand in hand for any length of time.

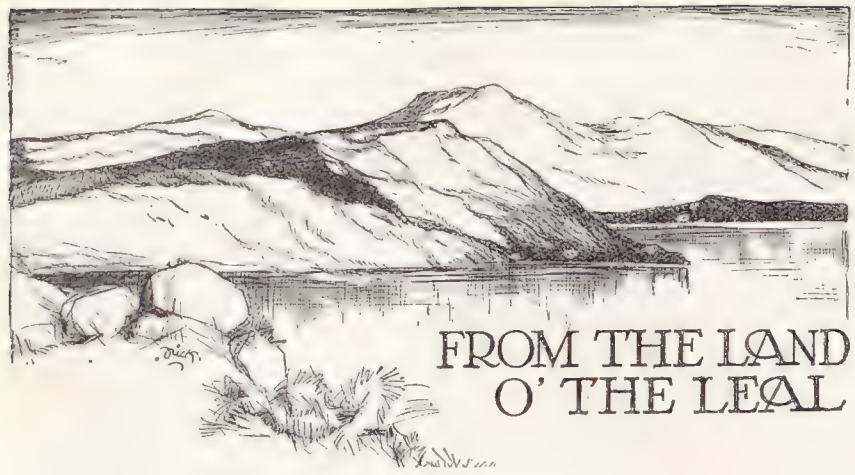
It is so boring. And he cannot endure being bored. Anything would be better than that.

Death for example.

Dis-carving from Weakness

BY THORPE

THE SCULPTOR: "I carved this from the solid stone"
THE OTHER: "I suppose you didn't want the stone?"



FROM THE LAND O' THE LEAL

THREE DOGGY DOCUMENTS

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

LAST week's BYSTANDER post-bag brought a request for "an occasional specimen record, no matter how brief, of the quite wonderful cleverness, as well as loyalty and devotion, of Dogs." This week's brings me three remarkable records of fact, in this connection; of events well-known to two or three of the greatest families in the kingdom.

(It were easy to exaggerate the coincidence—there must be something uncomfortably fish-like about the man who's never known temptation to exaggerate—and say that request and records reached one by the same post; the one from Chile and t'other from Peru; but in this case the bare facts are so admirable that any make-up would be an insult to them.)

The hero was a black-and-tan Scots Collie, of a long-honoured strain into which, many generations back, some Setter blood was introduced. He was a perfect retriever, with a mouth like velvet, and a perfect friend, whose memory is affectionately cherished to-day by some of the truest sportsmen (of both sexes) living. From weaning to the end of his long and adventurous life, his nightly bed was the mat outside his mistress's door.

At the age of three years he went to Algiers with his mistress. Sunday came immediately after their arrival in the strange little North African Paris, the Orientalism of which makes it trebly strange and confusing for Dog-folk from Europe, whose lives are largely guided by their sense of smell. Scot was securely imprisoned in an inner room of the villa, before his mistress set off for church; the church being distant fully half a mile, in the city. In the middle of the service, Scot's mistress became conscious of some bustle, and, looking round, saw Scot marching up the centre aisle like a drum-sergeant. He came direct to her pew, and at once curled down contentedly under her seat. He had never before been in the town, the streets of which were at that time swarming with people; not to mention the richly bewildering variety of smells.

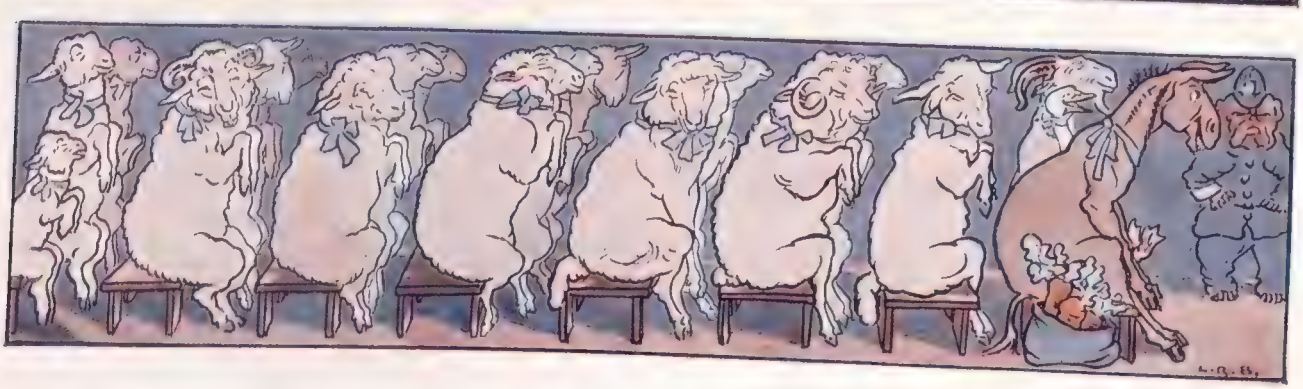
"A striking rapprochement"

Three years later, in Scotland, his mistress, being confined to her room by a sharp cold, lent Scot to a member of the house-party for the day's shooting. They drove to an out-beat just seven miles from the house, and Scot behaved in his customary exemplary manner—until his particular gun brought down his first bird, which Scot was sent to retrieve. He did; but instead of bringing it to hand, he trotted off the field with it, blandly ignoring all calls; loped on home to the castle—seven miles—straight upstairs to the door of his mistress's room, which stood ajar, and, rising deftly beside the bed, placed his bird on the eiderdown, with hardly a feather out of place.

A year later, on an off day, his mistress, with two companions, took Scot out for an hour before tea, for wood-pigeons. Scot's mistress shot five brace, and left them lying near the foot of a big tree. Meeting her friends outside the house on her return, waiting for tea, she was asked where her birds lay, so that a man could be sent for them. "Oh, I'll send Scot for them," she replied. And, when bidden, the Collie promptly trotted off on his errand. Within twenty minutes, he had laid the last of the pigeons in a row, on the terrace. Then, and not till then, he admitted his parlous state, and sought refuge beside his mistress's skirts. Then, and not till then, his streaming eyes and foaming mouth revealed his agony to his mistress, and her friends, and he was carried off to a bath and nursing. He was literally covered with wasps. So were the pigeons. Scot's mistress had unwittingly *cached* them beside a wasps' nest, and, with never a thought of testing the devotion she already knew so well, had then set Scot a task of the sort that, in fairy tales, is only accomplished by heroes who are fortunate enough to secure the aid of magicians. Scot's simple magic was all contained in his loving loyalty and devotion, which, in the service of the beloved, saw in difficulties only things to be overcome, and declined altogether to admit the existence of impossibilities.

Some among those who read these lines will remember Scot—that was *not* his name—and the incidents; and their comment will be that they could cap these records with a score as striking, of the same admirable Dog. So, perhaps, could the Kennelman, with equally true records of other Dogs; but—space fails.

The Bystander Super Zoo



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

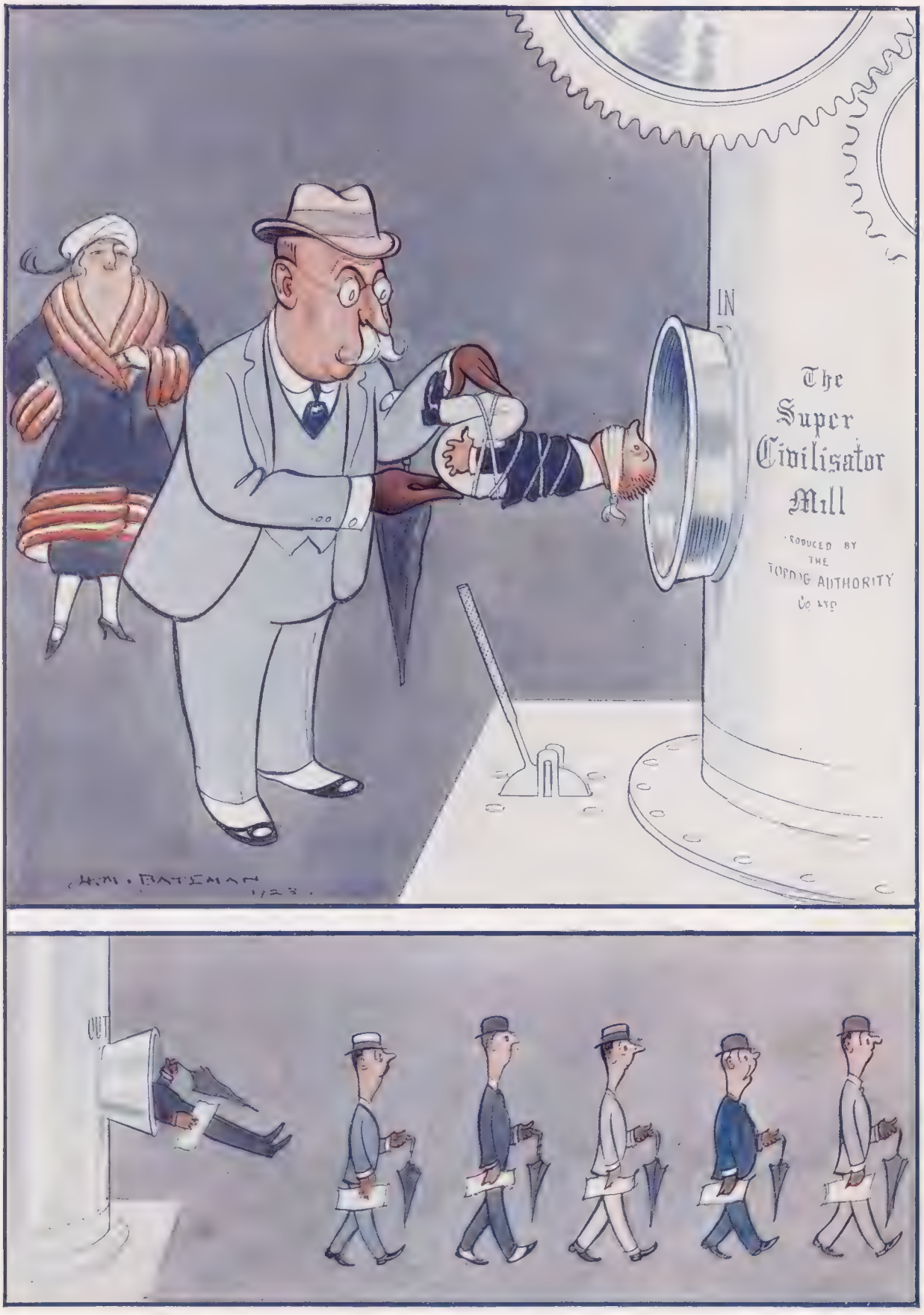
No. IV.—THE CAMEL AS A PUSSYFOOT

AN IDYLL AT

BY A. K MACDONALD

L AT EVENTIDE

Making a Man of Him!



BY H. M. BATEMAN

A READY SOLUTION OF AN AGE-OLD PROBLEM

SOME FRENCH GOLF COURSES

BY DELL LEIGH

No. II.
WIMEREUX

"DEATH OR GLORY" BUNKER AT WIMEREUX

BOULOGNE is now the seaport of old, with a harbour devoted to its lawful and not bellicose occasions. Before we go to play golf, on paper, I must tell a story about the Customs here. A friend of mine was seized upon, on arrival, by the usual rapacious porter, and the following ensued:

"Avez vous quelque chose à déclarer, Monsieur?"

"Enfin, oui, quelques cigares."

"Mais pas si fort, Monsieur—h'sh!" said the porter, finger to lips. "Suivez moi!"

He took the bewildered Englishman through side doors skilfully, winking a mute password to several officials, and got my friend, duty free, on to the Paris train.

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," and the Englishman pressed a ten-franc note into the attendant palm.

"Ah, non, alors," replied the evader of taxes, "*ça serait douze francs cinquante*."

He had a regular tariff!

Wimereux golf course is the ideal place for the man with the two-seater car. You and your pal can then stay at the Hôtel Folkestone, known to most of us who had "spots of leave" during the war, and view with a savage joy, from your comfortable bedroom window, the other fellow fighting his way on and off the Folkestone boat. You can see, and hear, the last scurryings of belated arrivals on boat or train in contemplative sanctuary.

The links are only five kilometres outside Boulogne, and as to accessibility—well, I left London at nine and was playing on it at two. They remind me of Tullane: there can be no higher compliment. I don't mean to suggest that they have the age or artistry of that wonderful Scotch course, but they have other attributes: big ones. They have gorgeous turf, and wide sweeps of open fairway with the right sort of bunker in the right place. You see what seem to you the Sussex Downs on your right, and gargantuan sand dunes on your left, and from thirteen of the eighteen holes you can see the sea.

If, having had trouble in the old days with the A.P.M. at Boulogne, you don't like its associations, you can stay at the Hotel Splendide at Wimereux itself, recently acquired by an Englishman, and be within a kilometre of the first tee. Without wishing to be "guide-booky," this course, if people will patronise it sufficiently, has the makings of really good golf. There is fine golf there now, very fine, but it is one of those natural places for the great game, few and far between, which are improved by a couple of hundred people playing over it daily, so rich and strong is its surface, with good sea sand beneath.

"Ça serait douze francs cinquante"

Wimereux is one of those French watering-places almost entirely monopolised by my countrymen and their families in the summer. Small wonder, considering that, *quâ* golf, there are very few clubs round London that can compare with it.

The Frenchman, ever anxious to be in the *mode* at *le sport* nowadays, has taken to the golf game at Wimereux (as elsewhere) to some purpose. I saw one enthusiastic gentleman on the tee who had contrived for himself what he called *le ceinture de golf*. It was

most enterprising. As he said to me :

"You see, Monsieur, I am not very good. *Par conséquence* I carry a few clubs only, four to be exact. I have had made *le* coat *du sport*. You see? Is it not very practical?"

It certainly was.

He had a belt in the back of his coat, in which were made four slots, in the manner rather of the cartridge belt one wears out shooting. Into these he slid his clubs face uppermost, carrying them on the person, and being at the same time self-contained and immune from the expense of a caddie. I did not wait to see what happened to this caravanserai when he was at the top of his swing, but I was told he was quite a fair 15. Good for him.

"Le Sport"

It is no earthly use being an insular Englishman when you tee up at Wimereux, and imagining you are going round somewhere in the neighbourhood of bogey. You won't, unless you are one of those people—such as I was playing with, who, in telling you golf stories begins thus : "I remember once, at Muirfield, during the Championship, I . . ."

If you take liberties with Wimereux approach shots, or experiment with light irons where a brassie is called for, you will regret it.

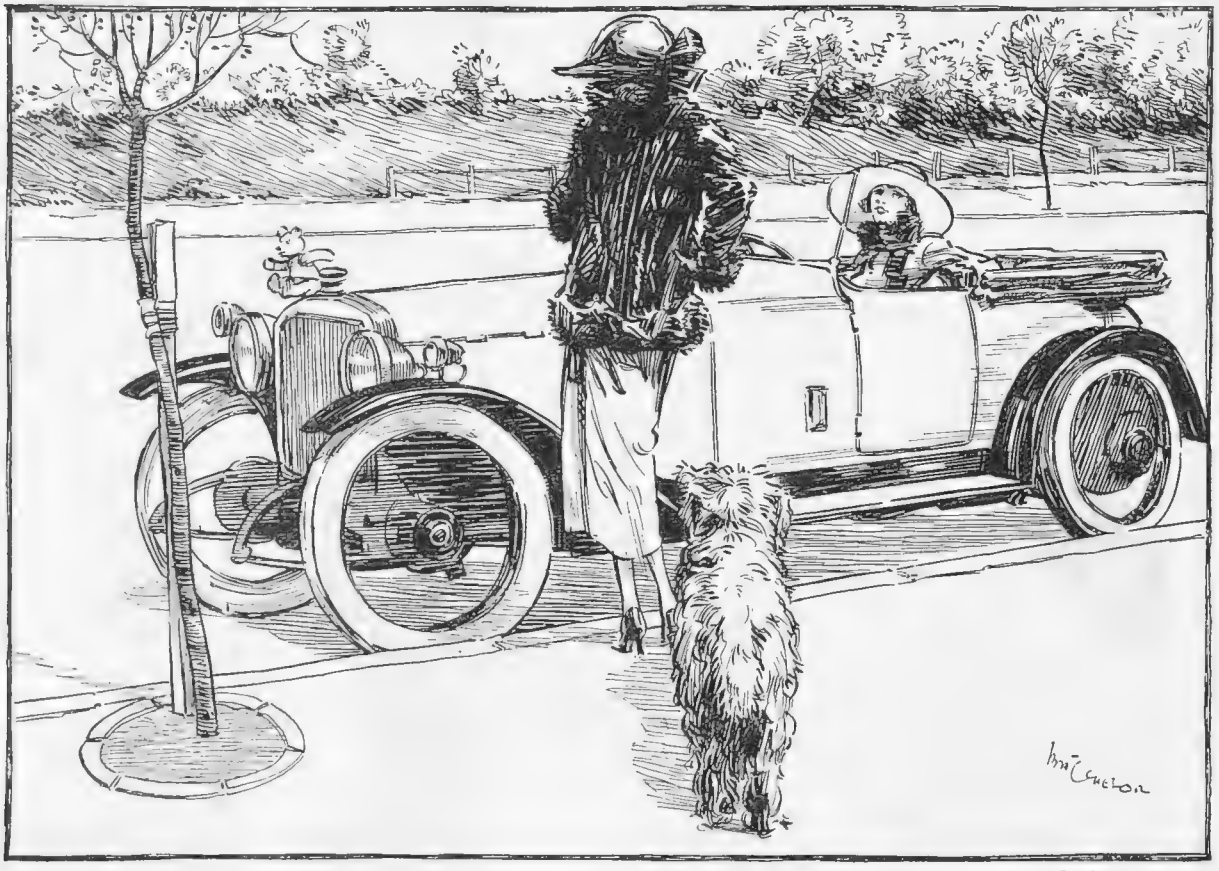
A French gentleman here, getting on very well with his game, but still ambitious to do better and be *très correct*, took the Secretary aside one day and said, very seriously, in French :

"Now tell me; I am sure my clothes are not as they should be. Now that I can hit the ball fairly well I feel I ought to dress in the English style, is it not so? I am going to England soon. Now can you recommend me a tailor who will understand what to do, who will be *sympathique*? You can? Good. But there is just one thing. I need not *necessarily* wear the *culottes* that the English all wear, need I? Because (plaintively) I don't really think I could do that, somehow."

DELL LEIGH

NEXT WEEK.

No. III.—DIEPPE.



BY BATCHELOR

THE MOVING SPIRIT

"However did you manage to persuade your husband to buy a car?"

"By continuous auto-suggestion, my dear!"

"YES, UNCLE!"

"Perhaps your friend there would join us in a three-ball game?"
"Yes, I think he'd like to. He's a pawnbroker, y'know!"

A "GAY" PROSPECT

By Stan Terry

The influence of "The Beggar's Opera" and "Polly" is now making itself felt, and will probably lead to a new campaign for a "Wider London"

THE BAD MAN

AT THE NEW THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"
ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL
Produced on March 3, 1923

THIS is quite a jolly play in the best Americano-*cum*-Greaser style. The scene is laid in "Arizona near the Mexican border," where it is generally understood that law and order are best maintained by the man who can draw a gun quickest. Mr. Matheson Lang frets and struts his hour upon the stage in a part that suits his style admirably. He is Pancho Lopez, the typical Bad Man of American fiction, who always "gets the drop" on the other fellow first, and does not hesitate to shoot.

BEFORE the Bad Man comes on the scene, however, we are moved to admiration and applause by the remarkable performance of Mr. H. O. Nicholson as Uncle Henry. He is a toothless old boy, who has lost the use of his legs, and has to wheel himself about in a chair. But these drawbacks do not prevent him from flinging himself whole-heartedly into any dispute that may be going. He glides in and out among the other performers with astonishing ease and agility, while his tempestuous outbreaks of mercifully modified profanity are a delight to the ear. Like most Americans he suffers from Prohibition, and his helpless wrath when he suspects that a bottle of "liquor" is being kept from him is beautiful to see. I judge that Uncle Henry is one of the stalwarts who will drink anything short of furniture polish.

UNCLE HENRY and his nephew Gilbert have mortgaged their farm for ten thousand dollars, and as they cannot pay the money back when it is due, the mortgagee, Jasper Hardy, is resolved to foreclose. He will give no more mercy than the law requires, and in this respect the United States Constitution has been very straitly drawn. It was, I believe, an observant American who once suggested that the State Treasury should alter the inscription on the dollar piece to "In *this* God we Trust." In fact, Uncle Henry and Nephew Gilbert are facing the inevitable, and are packing up in readiness for their departure. They have, staying with them, a Mr. and Mrs. Pell. It happens that Gilbert was once in love with Mrs. Pell, and though she is now married, she cannot help showing us that she prefers Gilbert's society to that of her very jealous husband.

BEFORE the Bad Man arrives on the scene there is an unpleasant scene between Mr. and Mrs. Pell. He charges her with carrying on with Gilbert, and claiming the right to brand his own property, he snatches up a Mexican spur, and then flinging his wife across a table scores the back of her hand by way of putting his sign-manual upon her. Lord Lytton once said that the worst use to which a man can be put is to hang him; and similarly I should think that one of the worst uses to which you can put a woman is to dig a spur into her flesh. I thought that taking it by and large, as mariners say, this scene was unnecessarily horrid. Fortunately, however, the Bad Man bursts upon the scene

at this moment—as firm believers in Retribution, we were quietly confident that something unpleasant was about to happen to Mr. Pell. The first business of the Bad Man is, of course, to call for a show of hands in the usual manner. Incidentally, I noticed that Mr. Jasper Hardy has a habit of thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets while he is arguing his case. It is fortunate for him that he is not a character in one of Mr. Zane Grey's novels or he would have been "plugged" without further comment, the natural inference being that he was about to shoot through his pocket.

IT was apparently the original intention of the Bad Man to

kill the men, and then abduct the young and lovely Mrs. Pell, in spite of her protests that she would really prefer not to be abducted at

all. But just then Gilbert is brought in and Lopez recognises him as a man who once saved his life when Lopez was wounded in the usual street-fight that is a necessary preliminary in Mexico to the election of a new President; and there is apparently no limit to the gratitude of a Greaser. From that moment the Bad Man holds the stage. He begins by saying that he is going to question the crowd, and that the first man who is found to be speaking untruthfully will be shot. It is a joy to see Uncle Henry rolling about in his chair, and hoping that the Lord will move the heart of that goldarned, dodgasted galoot, Jasper Hardy, to utter the first lie and so reap the disastrous consequence. Lopez learns all about the ten-thousand dollar mortgage, and finding that Pell has got that amount on him, he orders one of his gang to search the fellow's pockets. The money thus produced is handed to Jasper Hardy, and when he has given a formal receipt for it, it is taken from him again, and given to Uncle Henry. You can play all sorts of tricks of this kind on the other fellow when you are sitting at the right end of a "gun."

THE next act of rough justice concerns Mr. Pell, for whom, of course, we have no kind of sympathy. Lopez has found out that Gilbert and Mrs. Pell love each other, and as they are both very correct persons, and far removed from the contemplation of guilty intrigue, Lopez decides that his only course is to make Mrs. Pell a widow, and thus render her eligible for holy matrimony once more. Pell intensifies the situation by making a rush at the Bad Man, but is shot down before he can lift a hand.

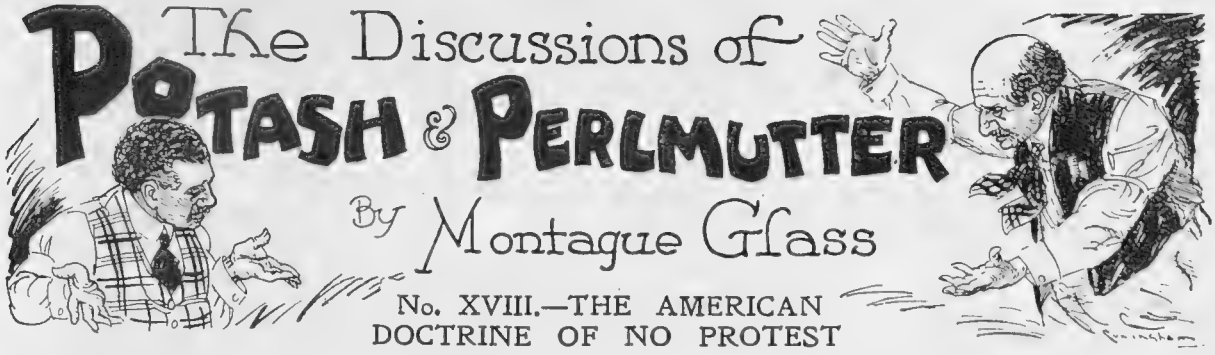
PELL, however, is not an easy man to kill. Just as his death has been notified to the Texas Rangers, and arrangements have been made to inform the coroner of the tragedy, Pell comes to life again and makes more trouble. And about this time the Rangers arrive and announce that they have captured Lopez and are taking him to the county jail.

THEN Pell, being left alone with Gilbert, manages to get a "gun" and says he is going to shoot. But just as he is going to fire, a shot rings out from the background and Pell drops in his tracks. (I understand that this is the spot always chosen for dropping under the circumstances). And then to our great joy, the Bad Man comes

strolling blithely on. It seems that he always travels with a "double" who is invariably captured for him, just as in China (or is it Japan?) newspaper editors who have come under the ban of the local Censor, employ a man to do "time" for them. Mr. Lang gives a wholly fascinating picture of the Bad Man, and seems to enjoy his part hugely. He has already a large public of his own, and this play will doubtless give his admirers power to add to their number. It is a most enjoyable entertainment from first to last. JINGLE

BY ARTHUR WRAGG

THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD



The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. XVIII.—THE AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF NO PROTEST

"I SEE where a man got thrown out of a theayter for hissing the other day, Mawruss, and he sued the theayter owner, claiming that he wasn't hissing, but was only trying to attract the attention of an usher by saying *psst*," Abe Potash said to his partner, Morris Perlmutter.

"And did he get a judgment against the owner?" Morris asked.

"It seems not," Abe replied.

"I suppose that the judge claimed that the plaintiff should ought to have snapped his fingers at the usher or said, 'Hey! You!' or poked the usher in the ribs with an umbrella, or anyhow attracted his attention in some way that couldn't be confused with hissing, like firing off a pistol or something, ain't it?" Morris suggested.

"Well, as a matter of fact, the theayter manager proved it on the plaintiff that on account of the actors being so rotten, if he *wasn't* hissing he should ought to have been hissing," Abe explained. "There was also evidence that six other people got thrown out for hissing on the same night, but they didn't sue."

"So it's now the law that you shouldn't hiss a bad actor," Morris said.

"But it always was a custom, in *this* country, *anyhow*," Abe continued. "Which you know as well as I do, Mawruss, that there is thousands of printers and picture-frame manufacturers making a living out of selling to the people of this country such slogans as 'Don't knock, Boost,' and 'If you are pleased, tell it to others. If not, tell it to Sweeney.' So why shouldn't the actors get benefit from such slogans as well as business men?"

"Well, making such slogans into judgments of the courts, Abe, ain't going to improve bad acting a whole lot," Morris observed.

"For that matter it ain't going to improve bad cooking or bad hotel service neither," Abe said, "but just the same, Mawruss, ninety-nine people out of a hundred figure that it don't do no good to make a fuss over such things, and that a man could only get stuck once, y'understand."

"An argument over some soup"

$44,000,000 in Chicken Consommé

"But if you figure that a man could only get stuck once, Abe, that's the same like figuring that one hundred and ten million people in this country could only get stuck once, which totals one hundred and ten million instances of a man only getting stuck once," Morris remarked. "So, therefore, Abe, if you keep on figuring like this—in the matter of chicken consommé, for instance—110,000,000 cups of hot water with a faint flavour of feathers in it could be sold as chicken consommé by the restaurant proprietors of this country, without one customer having the good sense to kick about paying forty cents for such a swindle. Furthermore, if you add this up on the back of a used envelope, Abe, with any lead pencil you've got handy, y'understand, you will find out that the population of this country could get stuck only once with a cup of phony consommé apiece, y'understand, and right away the bill comes to $44,000,000."

"At least one hundred million out of the one hundred and ten million people of the United States goes through life without ever finding out that anything is ever served in cups except tea, coffee, cocoa and bootleg liquor, Mawruss," Abe declared, "which completely busts up your consommé argument, Mawruss."

"It may bust up the consommé but not the principle of the thing, Abe," Morris retorted. "Take a married man with a family, Abe, and if he's got forty cents which he don't know what to do with, y'understand, instead he should give it to a strange restaurant proprietor he never seen before in his life for a cup of soup which neither he nor nobody else could eat, y'understand, let him refuse to pay for the soup and apply the forty cents to his next life insurance premium."

"Of course, Mawruss, in refusing to pay for the soup, y'understand, there is always anyhow a slight chance that such a married man

with a family is going to get laid up for a couple of weeks on account of being injured in an argument over some soup, y'understand," Abe remarked, " because there is a sort of feeling in the hotel and restaurant business that the time to refuse to pay for food is before you order it, and not after you taste it, y'understand."

" That feeling among hotel and restaurant owners comes from being convinced by experience that they can serve anybody *anything* and get away with it, because the way the average customer behaves about poor food in a restaurant, he is so timid about complaining that you would think he was married to the cook, and they had just returned from their honeymoon, y'understand," Morris said, " and food is only the very least thing that people don't kick about in this country.

" In fact, the *No Hissing* rule holds good for everything and everybody, Abe, including actors who can't act, doctors who can't cure, and singers who can't sing. If a doctor lays your rheumatism to your teeth and you have just so much pain after they are all pulled as before, y'understand, you say, ' Well, anybody could make a mistake.' If a State Treasurer gets away with the entire proceeds of a bond issue, we say, ' After all, maybe the poor feller did his best ! ' "

A Tough Time for Tenors

" And what is more, Abe," Morris continued, " it works the other way, too. If to-day, this here Patrick Henry was to get up in a public meeting, and say he didn't care what other people might say, but as for him, y'understand, give him Liberty or give him Death, understand me, a couple of million good fellows would come right back at him with : ' Always kicking *ain't you.* You wouldn't be happy if you didn't have something to beef about. That's the kind of feller you are.' "

" I suppose, Mawruss, you would want the United States to be the same like in Italy where if a poor tenor nebick happens to be a little hoarse and his voice cracks on the high C in the ' Toreador Song,' y'understand, right away it sets the proprietor of the theayter back two thousand dollars for the damage the audience does to the folding seats on the ground floor alone," Abe said.

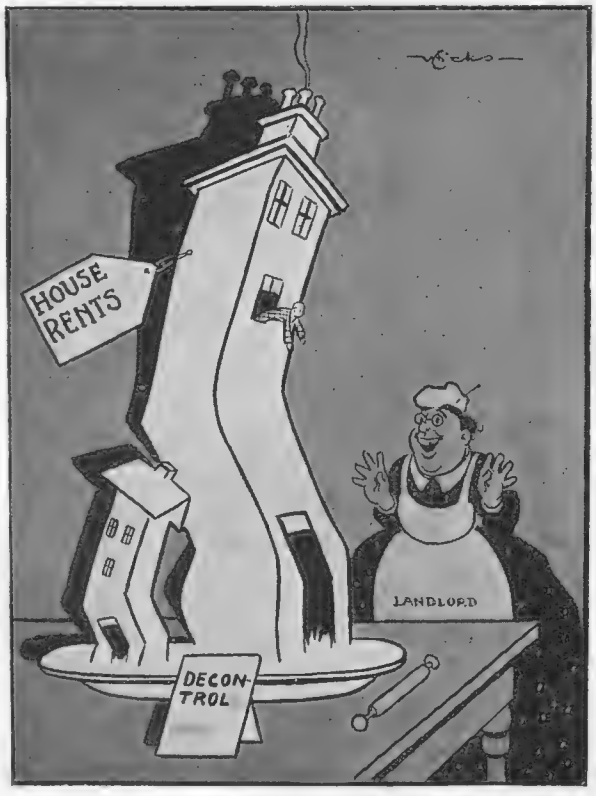
" But you take an American audience, Abe, and not only could a tenor sing out of tune, y'understand, but he could also have a voice like a broke peanut whistle, y'understand, and every time he leaves off singing, the least enthusiastic member of the audience behaves like that rotten tenor would be his own boy Jake and that after all a man must favour his own family."

" Then, I suppose, Mawruss, your claim is :

IT'S THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE THAT GETS STUCK

and that if you want to get real value for your money, you must be ready at a moment's notice to raise—excuse me—hell for the least little thing that goes wrong anywhere at any time," Abe suggested.

" My only claim is that if enough people put up a roar when they didn't get at least one-tenth of one per cent. chicken in chicken soup, Abe, it would anyhow tip off restaurant proprietors that the public is getting wise to the present restaurant receipe for chicken soup, which is to take two gallons of hot water, bring slowly to boil, stir in gently the contents of two quarts of boiling water, allow to simmer on the back of the stove, add hot-water to taste, and then serve," Morris said.



By VICTOR HICKS

SELF-RAISING POWER, OR THE TENANT NICELY DISHED

No Protest

" Also, Abe, I've got similar ideas in respect to actors as well as soup. Of course, I don't exactly say that an American audience should take it so particular about actors that in case the performance ain't high-grade enough for two dollars, y'understand, they should go to work and destroy the theayter, y'understand, but at the same time, Abe, it wouldn't do no particular harm if once in a while somebody would throw a small pair of opera-glasses at the actors as a protest against their trying to keep the whole play confidential between themselves and the people in the front row of the orchestra."

" There I don't blame you, Mawruss," Abe declared, " Which I was the other Saturday night to see a show, and I give you my word that the actors all spoke in such a low voice, that they might just as well have gone into executive session as a committee of the whole, and ordered the ushers to clear the galleries."

" And I suppose you didn't say even, 'Louder ! ' " Morris remarked.

" Well, I was a guest of Leon Sammet, and as he had paid five dollars apiece for the tickets, Mawruss, naturally I couldn't say nothing," Abe said.

" But didn't Leon Sammet say nothing either ? " Morris inquired.

" Leon Sammet don't do them things," Abe said. " He's a gentleman."

" Is he ? " Morris concluded. " Well, if a man who is too polite to kick when he is getting stuck, is a gentleman, Abe, what is your idea of—excuse me—a sucker ? "

A "Double Entendre"?

BY E. T. REED

M. POINCARÉ: "Ah, mon cher Curzon! I am so glad you realise that the remedies of La France are ze best! I vish you vairy rapide and complete reparations!"

[Lord Curzon has gone to France to consult French medical specialists and to resume an interrupted course of treatment]

Our First Golf Competition

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Favoured by fine weather, the Mixed Foursomes Competition, held over the London Country Club's course at Hendon for the £500 Challenge Trophy, presented by "The Bystander," was a great success. Our caricaturist has portrayed above some of the competitors, together with one or two other people who helped to make things hum

Photograph THE WINNER UNDER OBSERVATION *G.P.U.*

W. B. Smith, who with Mrs. Battersby won the Trophy for the Hadley Wood Club, makes a perfect shot to the obvious edification of a fair bevy of The Bystander's "best sellers"

BYSTANDERS AT HENDON

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

LAST WEEK'S BIG GOLF COMPETITION FOR OUR £500 TROPHY

As an unprejudiced bystander, with no axe to grind, and no enormous BYSTANDER Trophy to put in the dickey of the car on the Townward journey in the evening, I can honestly say I have seldom walked round at a meeting of golf giants where the atmosphere has been more cheery or the day more gloriously fine.

The Country Club at Hendon certainly did themselves, and everybody else, proud by organising a golf competition of foursomes on Wednesday last, which contained amongst the competitors nearly all the best known names in professional golf, partnered in each case by a chosen lady. I, as an old observer of spectacular golf, was pleasantly surprised to see on the programme of the lady partners, names of golfing women of whom, in most instances, I had not heard. It added a piquancy to this most successful meeting.

For the "Pros.", of course, it was a busman's holiday of the right sort. Their attitude in the matter was pithily put to me by J. H. Taylor at the third hole in the morning when, with the strong sun in his wise eyes, he blinked at me and said, as a nervous lady fluffed a tee shot, "What does it matter if you miss the ball a morning like this?" And it did not. As a matter of fact, there were on the whole singularly few balls missed. It was deadly serious golf all the same, in spite of Taylor's badinage, as there was £50 to be divided proportionately among the first fifteen men, as well as the £500 Trophy and the cups (for keeps), and the consolation spoons. It was really rather wonderful to see so many masters of the game all at once.

The standard of play was by no means mediocre. On the contrary, these world-famous men would have had little to grumble at even if they had felt like that. They did not—on the contrary. It was particularly interesting to see comparatively unknown feminine names bracketed in play with the great ones of the game, because it shows that behind the front rank of women golfers there is an army of reinforcements of women who are very nearly, if not quite, up to championship form.

As an example of the class of golf played, on a course

Photograph *G.P.U.*

MRS. BATTERSBY AND W. B. SMITH (Hadley Wood)

Photographed with the Trophy, of which they become the first holders. They owed their victory in no small measure to Mrs. Battersby whose golf was extraordinarily good for a player with a fifteen handicap

Photograph]

HOW THE PHOTOGRAPHER DID THE (W)HOLE

A group of the competitors outside the golf pavilion after the finish of the competition. The winners, Mrs. Battersby and W. B. Smith of the Hadley Wood Club. There was a triple tie for second place between Miss Beadell and George Gadd (Roehampton), Mrs. Graham and G. Doughty (Edgware), and Mrs. L. Thomson

healed from the scourge of winter rains only by the energy and able organisation of the Country Club officials, let us look at some of the morning scores on a bogey of 74.

	Nett
Josh Taylor and Mrs. L. Thomson	77
Alec Herd and Miss Crowther ..	77
G. Doughty and Mrs. R. Graham..	78
George Duncan and Mrs. Deane ..	78
R. G. Wilson and Mrs. Risco ..	78
H. C. Jolly and Mrs. Cann	79
G. Gadd and Miss Beadell ..	79
Jack White and Mrs. F. E. Bourn..	79
J. H. Taylor and Mrs. P. Clark ..	80

and so on, with the Professionals playing on plus 4.

These scores speak for themselves, when there is no run on the ball.

The winners, W. B. Smith, of Hadley Wood, and Mrs. Battersby, with morning and afternoon scores of 81 and 77 respectively, deserved it. The nearest to 158 was Doughty, Josh Taylor and Gadd, and partners with 161—a replay of 18 holes being necessary on the morrow as silver cups (beauties) were hanging thereto. This resulted in a sporting win for the Roehampton pair, George Gadd and Miss Beadell, with a score of 80, Doughty and Mrs. Graham, of Edgware, finishing with a score of 82, and the Sudbury couple, Josh Taylor and Mrs. L. Thomson, with an 86.

MISS CROWTHER (COOMBE HILL) DRIVING

There are eminences at the Country Club whence you can view several holes telescopically. From these one picked out the bright colours of the partners of the supermen, and could watch their enthralling shots. One particularly. Vardon's iron from the 4th tee in the morning "plunk" on to the middle of the green. Again, in the afternoon, Fred Leach's brassie to the 14th — the sort of shots you and I have pleasant dreams about—but only dreams!

There was such a galaxy of male talent and feminine grace of shot that one was torn between the desire for this foursome and that. I think those who impressed me most were the Jack Fulford, Fred Leach, Mrs. Robertson and Miss K. Kentish quartette, for here you had cheeriness and gravity combined. As, for instance, when Jack Fulford's lady drove her ball into a soft spot, half covering it, and he calls out, pleasantly, "Come and have a look at this one, Fred, it's a sucker!" And

Photographs

MRS. ROBERTSON AND F. LEACH (NORTHWOOD) AND

Crossing the stream with their concomitant caddies. Mrs. Miss Kentish and Leach. Miss Kentish has also won

IN ONE AT THE END OF THE DAY [*G.P.U.*

are standing together next to the cups on the left. Mr. E. J. Everett, the Captain of the London Country Club (Golf Section), is standing behind the Trophy. and Josh Taylor (Sudbury). It was played off over eighteen holes on the following morning, when the Roehampton pair won. Gadd is on the extreme left

then laughingly plays a perfect shot out.

The psychology of these two ladies was interesting. Little Mrs. Robertson, smoking the eternal cigarette, nonchalant, merry, deadly with the short game: Miss Kentish (of bobsleigh fame) a mass of nerves in the morning, who resolutely fights them down, and having done so improves out of sight. Coolness versus tenacity were these two. And Miss Beadell, Captain of Mid-Surrey (playing with George Gadd), who knocked my head off once at Newquay, and found time to wave to me, and laughingly remind me of that *débâcle*. She was let down badly by Gadd's putting, but laughed the loss away. That was the spirit of the meeting throughout.

MRS. E. J. SMITH (BERKHAMSTED) PUTTING

Extremely well arranged the whole meeting was. With 94 players this is no easy matter when a time-table has to be adhered to. I, an observant bystander merely, was much impressed with the able way Mrs. Driver, the captain of the club, carried out her thankless task, that of keeping the scores in the Pavilion. She slaved all day without a "thank you"; and stemmed the evening rush of inquiry from impatient Pressmen, and the avalanche of incoming cards and calculations with a poise and good humour that would never have been mine in like circumstances.

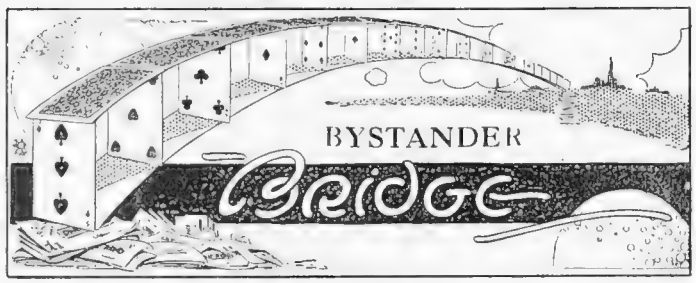
Of the Country Club itself little need be said, as it is so well known. Americans think this sort of club is their own reserve, until they see Hendon. Then they pause. Some of them say, "Gee!" or its equivalent.

But there is an active brain behind the management of the Country Club at Hendon, in the head of H. W. Matthews, which gets things done. I happen to know about this active brain to my cost, because it used to wangle permits out of me, during the later periods of the War, for aeroplane buildings. And now he has attuned this brain to more peaceful pursuits, with complete success, as might be expected.

I know of no place within half an hour of Piccadilly where you can get all that this club offers in the way of recreation. In fact, there isn't one.

G. P. U.

MISS K. KENTISH AND J. FULFORD (ROYAL WIMBLEDON)
Robertson is seen "making the pace," followed by Fulford, renown as a lawn tennis player and a bobsleigh rider



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

At a Cock and Hen Club

It was late in the afternoon session, getting on for dinner-time. A woman member dealt and called "No Trumps." All passed. Dummy put down her hand and remarked:

"Well, I can't imagine what *you* have called 'no trumps' on, for I have three Aces and four Kings."

The Declarer replied:

"Well, partner, if you want to know, I have called on one Ace, two Queens, and *two cocktails*."

. . . . . .

A Bridge bore is one who will talk about his hand when you want to talk about yours.

. . . . .

Etiquette at Auction

In an old book by J. B. Elwell I found the following precepts:

Do not make a dig at your adversaries by confiding to your partner that your success was due to the ill-judged play of the opponent.

It is not good form to complain of poor cards, as you imply that the adversaries profit by your weak hands, and not by their skill.

The better players rarely criticise unless asked to do so; it is usually the inexperienced player who offers an astonishing amount of gratuitous and unsought-for advice.

Do not tell your partner, after seeing all the cards, what he should have done, but think what you would have done in your partner's place.

. . . . . .

Good Bridge anecdotes do not seem very plentiful. Many of those sent in were of the "chestnut" variety, and some correspondents have been good enough to repeat stories which have already appeared in these columns.

The three competitors to whom prizes have been awarded are: Mrs. Powell, Abercynric, Brecon, South Wales; E. A. Gregory, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19; and Mrs. F. Stuart, 2, Charles Street, Knightsbridge, S.W.7. If these competitors will state which of my latest books they prefer, *Auction Bridge Made Clear* (third edition) or *The Light Side of Auction Bridge*, I shall be happy to send copies of them as desired.

. . . . . .

Solution to Bystander Weekly Bridge Competition No. IV (March 21, 1923)

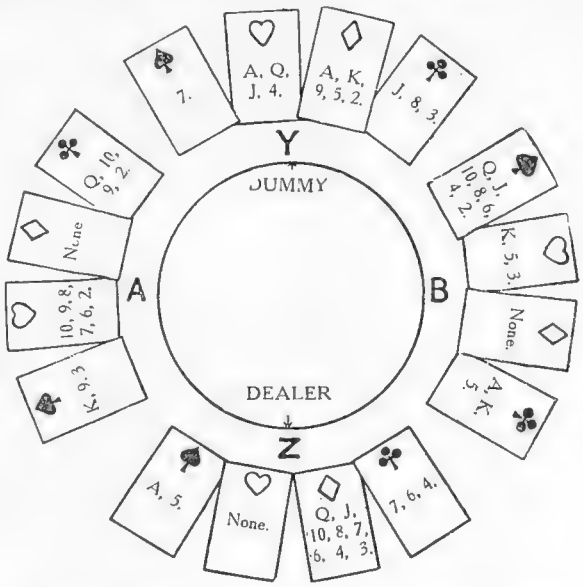
(*a*) Two Hearts.
(*b*) One no trump.
(*c*) Two Diamonds.
(*d*) Pass.

Nine correct solutions were received. The three prizes have, therefore, been divided, and the following successful competitors receive £1 each: The Duchess of Newcastle, Clumber, Worksop; E. W. Pearson, 167, North Boulevard, Hull; Mr. Douglas Jamieson, 50, Great King Street, Edinburgh; Mrs. Charles Gray, Barton Court, Abingdon, Berks; Miss Gladys Hughes, 64, Holland Park, W.11; Ernest Nightingale, 43, Ross Road, Wallington, Surrey; Miss K. Martin, Pwllycrochan Hotel, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales; Charles Hymans, 18, Chapel Bar, Nottingham; and Miss Gray, 26, Pembury Road, Tottenham, N.17.

. . . . . .

Bystander Weekly Bridge Competition No. VII

As a variation in the Competition I give the following hand, which occurred in actual play. I give the complete hands, but remember it is not a double dummy problem, and A and B did not know what Z held nor the contents of each other's hands.



Z (dealer) called "Two Diamonds." A and Y passed.

B called "Two Spades." Z "Five Diamonds." A and Y passed.

B "Four Spades." Z and A "No." Y "Six Diamonds."

B "Five Spades." Z "Seven Diamonds." A and Y "No."

B "doubled." All passed.

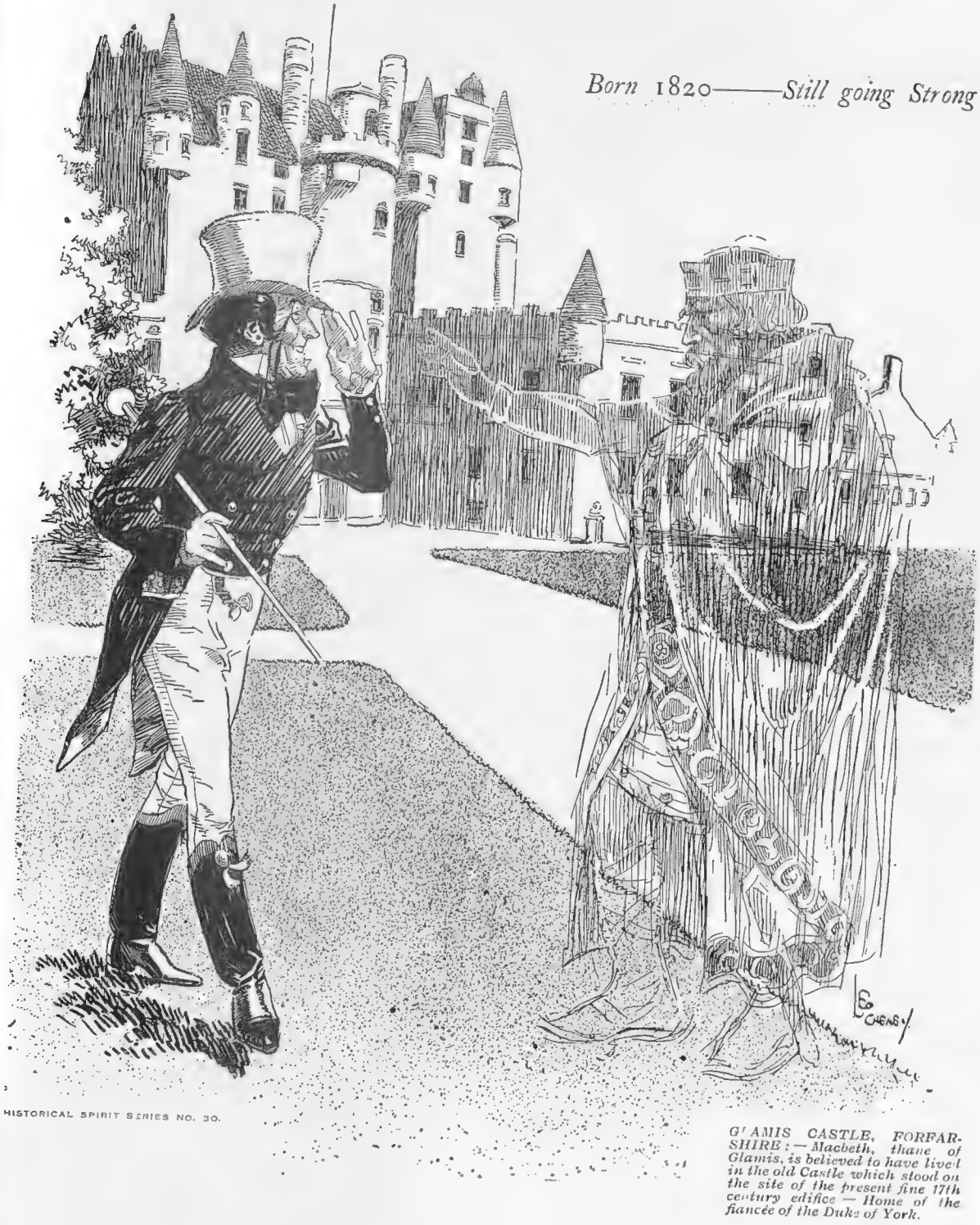
A opened the King of Spades, which Z took with his Ace. As the game was played Z made his grand slam, *but he need not to have done so.* How did Z play the hand? What was the mistake made by A or B which enabled Z to make his contract, and how many points ought Z to have been down?

As many readers are likely to be right, I propose to award the three prizes of £5, £3, and £1 this week to the three correct solutions first opened. No solution will be opened until the closing date of the Competition, first post Tuesday, April 17.

Each week, until further notice, prizes will be offered as follows: **FIRST PRIZE £5.** SECOND PRIZE £3. THIRD PRIZE £1.

The following conditions must be observed: 1. Replies must be received not later than first post on Tuesday, 17th April. 2. Not more than one solution may be sent by any one competitor. Every competitor must give full name and address, but pseudonym may be used. 3. All solutions should be addressed to Bridge No. VII, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4. 4. My decision on the problems must be regarded as final, and no correspondence on the Competitions can be entered into.

Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 30.

GLAMIS CASTLE, FORFARSHIRE:—Macbeth, thane of Glamis, is believed to have lived in the old Castle which stood on the site of the present fine 17th century edifice — Home of the fiancée of the Duke of York.

Shade of Macbeth: "What brings you here, King of Scottish Spirits?"

Johnnie Walker: "To see the ancestral home from which the son of a King has selected his bride."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Lord Carnarvon

THE Turf has lost an old and enthusiastic supporter by the death of Lord Carnarvon. It is sad to know that his familiar figure will no longer be met in paddock or club enclosure. There were very few good meetings at which we did not see his rather ascetic features, surmounted by that wide-rimmed low-crowned felt hat which was such a joy to the caricaturists. Time was when he was very fond of a tilt against the ring, and he often touched up the bookies to some tune when Volta, Valens, The Solicitor, Robert le Diable, Mauvezin, and a host of other good horses were winning important races in his colours. "Dick" Dawson, who had trained his horses for a quarter of a century, will, of course, miss him grievously. In fact, everybody who goes racing will lament the passing of one of the keenest Turfites of his day.

The New Peer

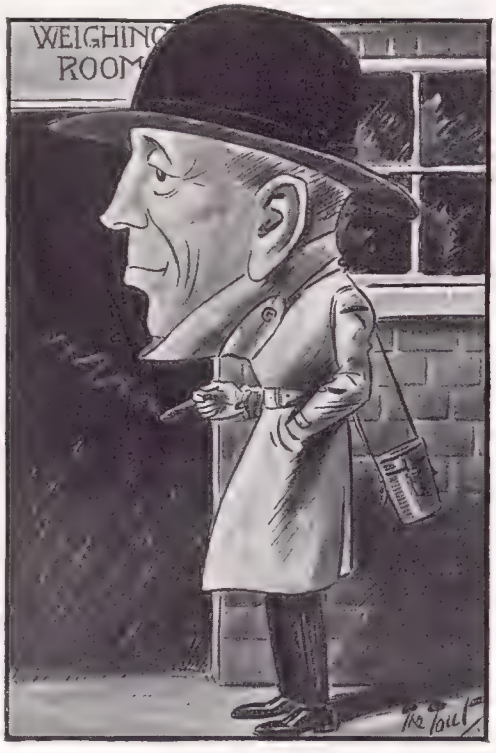
IT is hoped that in due course young Lord Porchester, who now succeeds to the title, will win as many good races as his father did. A subaltern in the 7th Hussars, he recently helped that regiment to carry off one or two polo tournaments in India. The new Lord Carnarvon was at one time the owner of Gracious Gift, who won the Foxhunters' Chase at Liverpool last month. There is no mistaking his keenness for racing, and the probability is that he will arrange to carry on the Highclere Stud, in which his father took such great pride. I have pleasant recollections of a look over this fine breeding place, and it would be a thousand pities to see it broken up.

Mr. Whineray

ANOTHER Turfite who passed from us last week was Mr. W. E. Whineray. The first time I saw him on the race course was when he was bidding big prices for yearlings at Doncaster on behalf of Sir Edward Hulton. After the War he came into the racing game on his own account, and Harry Cottrill got hold of several good horses for him. Leighton, of course, was a bitter disappointment, but we must bear in mind that he was very brilliant and unbeaten as a two-year-old. In the same season Mr. Whineray won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with Western Wave, and at that time everything was *couleur de rose*, so far as his racing ventures were concerned. Subsequently he had useful winners like Wild Mint and Westmead, so on the whole he did not have very much to complain of. So far as betting was concerned Mr. Whineray was never in a large way of business. A "pony" on any of his own horses was about his maximum.

Newbury Cup

THIS week-end big crowds may be expected at Newbury, for the programme on each day of the meeting is decidedly attractive. Now that Franklin is ineligible for the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday, Happy Man becomes top-weight. It is satisfactory to know that this fine stayer is himself again. I thought he would never run again after seeing the nasty accident which befell him in the Chester Cup. However, we can hardly expect to find him at his best over a mile course. Clochnaben is penalised out of the reckoning, but Mr. James White still has Granely and Sanhedrim to choose from. O. Bell's stable, too, is well represented by Eaglehawk, and others. The Lincoln bogey, Tons of Money, turns up here again, but if he is to win a race I think the opposition will have to be more moderate than it is on this occasion. My own idea is that Fornovo will win. All the luck of the race went against him in the Liverpool Spring Cup, in which he finished fourth. The fact that Bhuidhaonach and Steamer both won good races last week shows that the Aintree form was pretty good, and I look to **Fornovo** to make up for the bad luck he experienced there.



"VICTOR" By "THE TOUT"

Everyone knows Victor Tabor, and no race-card is really complete unless his name can be found therein. He turns out winners at all our home meetings with unfailing regularity, a fine tribute to his skill and perseverance as a trainer

The Greenham

WE usually have a high-class field for the Greenham Stakes, and occasionally the race serves as a pointer for classic prospects. I imagine Twelve Pointer is the best of those engaged on Friday. I know that "Atty" Persse has high hopes of the colt in the Derby, a race which has persistently eluded this trainer so far. Last month Twelve Pointer was troubled with a slight cough, and consequently may not be fit enough to race this week. The stable has an excellent second string in Scyphius. I notice that the King's "dark" three-year-old, Swinderby, holds an engagement here. We all hope he will turn out to be a good one, but he is probably still backward. Old Nic is likely to run well. He will have an advantage over some of his rivals in condition as well as in weight. Count Tracy, Phaon, Carbonaro, Colossus, Vambrace, Friar and Tornaveen are others that can add to the interest of the race. It should be a pretty race. I think **Vambrace** will win, and OLD NIC should be second best.

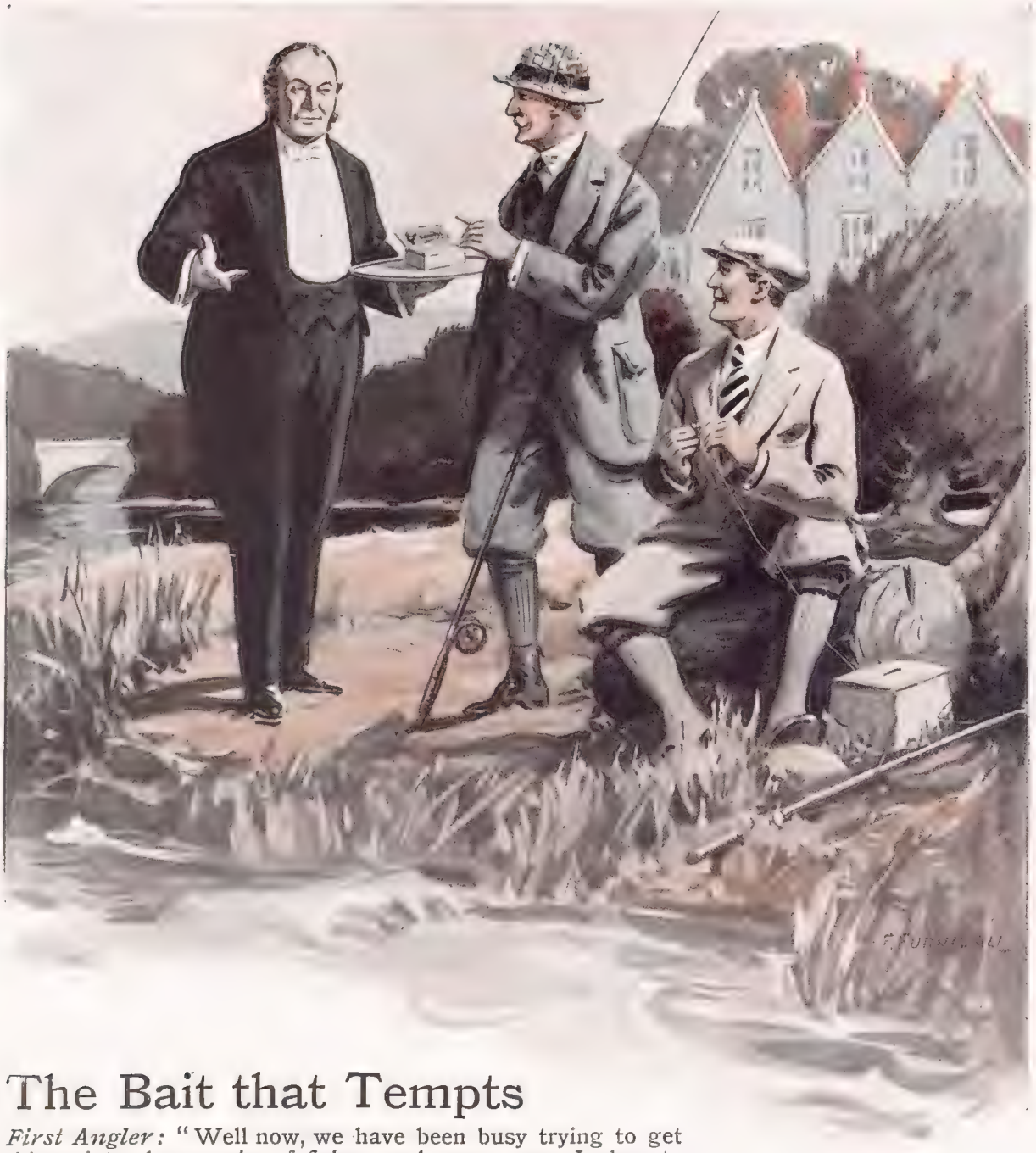
"On the Rocks"

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT discourses very intimately and lovingly in the *Graphic* on Tulips. "In my opinion," he says, "the little *Bandiera di Toscana*, the sword-leaved, sanguine-edged thing with the narrow bud of red and white, which opens in the sun to be a milky star. It is the loveliest, alike in colour and in habit, but one of the most fastidious. Short of lifting it, which the true gardener disdains to do, there is no certainty that it will spring up again when the time comes round. Your best chance is on rocks, I dare say; and I have succeeded with it in a border under a south wall with a pent of thatch over."

"One Peaceful Day"

MISS CAROL DEMPSTER

The heroine of D. W. Griffith's latest production at the New Oxford, enjoying a respite from the thrills and terrors of "One Exciting Night," in which the great David W. conjures up murders and mysteries, mercifully spiced with a strong comic element, with the result that the New Oxford is crowded with the devotees of creeping flesh and bristling hair



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First Angler: "Well now, we have been busy trying to get things into the mouths of fishes, and now comes Jenkyn to tempt *our* mouths."

Jenkyn: "I think, sir, if the fishes could reverse things and angle for you gentlemen, they would find the most tempting bait a . . . . . ."

Second Angler: "By Jove! You are right, Jenkyn, few men would resist the temptation of Kensitas, they really are . . . . . ."

Both Anglers: . . . . . "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

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London's a Good Place

By Blanchette.

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

BACK in Town we are again, after a fragment of spacious freedom under the wide, blue (more or less) sky. And don't mind 'fessing it's a bit of a blow, some ways. But there's compensations.

IN the garden everything's a-blowing and a-growing away like mad, and fresh little flowrets popping up their blue and pink, and golden and purple little heads from the good red earth every single minute. Pos'tively rushing to burst their winter bonds so busily and rapidly, to the accomp.

"Things are a-blowing and a-growing"

of jazz band by local birds, that you can hardly hear yourself think or even speak.

AND Town has its points, you know, 'pared with country, 'specially when it's a question of where you live reg'larly, and not taking things by snippets, so to speak. Just got this letter, f'rinstance, from a disillusioned one who went off to live the ideal rural life in the depths of—well, one of the Shires. "Oh, Blanchette," writes he, "it's really wonderful, this quite incredibly scandalous village. It's perfectly self-contained, self-satisfied and purely venomous."

HAVEN'T a thought above bridge, 'cording to the same authority, the inhabitants haven't, and seldom rise beyond servant troubles. "Everyone knows the worst of everyone else, and thinks the worster. Any fresh people coming to live here start as suspects, and remain criminals until they have lost all traces of civilisation. Then at last they are admitted to the happy band from which there is no escape, and after that even play bridge in the mornings without a blush—last symptom of depravity."

CHEERFUL sort of kind of a picture, what? And, of course, all country places aren't even the very least little bit like that. But *is* rather consoling in a way, you know, to hear, about that simple idyllic country life that nine out of ten of us town-dwellers crave and yearn for, not being always anyway *quite* as tenderly rose-pink as it's painted. Oh, and it's a gay life here in London now, too, 'specially now *The Gay Lord Quex* has come back to share it with us at His Majesty's, with no less a one than George Grossmith himself as the naughty Marquis.

QUITE one of the loveliest things I've seen yet, I think—dear G.G. doing "straight" drama with a lilt in his legs all the time, and 'parently positively aching every moment to start out on his usual song-and-dance that he does

"M.P.'s at home"

"'The Bystander' Colf Trophy"

so beautif'ly, 'companied by charming heroine, Irene Browne (also from revue). Simply *asks* for music, this dear old Pinero drama does. And there's a bedroom scene and all. And am told that act'lly in the dear old 'nineties it was thought quite *naughty*. How *fearf'ly* immoral we must have got since then!

RATHER like revivals meself, I must confess. Though a somewhat cruel test. Take the great Sir Arthur, f'rinstance. Perfectly wonderful dramatist. Marvellous sense of construction, and all the rest of it. But somehow hopelessly *date*, his plays do. Words seem so wrong that—oh, how one did long for that song-and-dance! But visiting a Shaw revival, at the Everyman, of *The Doctor's Dilemma* was, quite 'stonished, I was, at the more than up-to-dateness of it all.

'CEPT the medical details, which G.B.S., of course, slapped in with his usual reckless opportunism, and 've got a bit washed out by now. But all the heart of the thing's just the same. Or the no-heart, 'cording to which way you look at it. Even the other night there were people who shuddered at what the doctors said when the man who had just died in his invalid chair was wheeled away.

BUT no one who goes to a Shaw play—have you noticed it, dear cousin?—can go away without

talking and thinking about what his stage people have done and thought and felt. Sir Arthur's a wonderful man, but he makes plays to please us. They all finish up wonderf'ly, and there's no sequel. While G.B.S. keeps us worrying. I wonder if that's really the secret?

To keep one worrying, I mean. Working out the problems for oneself instead of having them all settled for you. 'Cos that's rather what G.B.S. does, doesn't he? Leaves you always with a big query in your mind, and something to think about in the small hours. Frightf'ly unrestful—but, after all, 's better to be even a worried human being, isn't it, than just a comfortable satisfied mollusc or bit of moss?

'Snice, life in Town, really it is, these April days—dancing at places like that romantic Riviera Club in prosaic Grosvenor Road f'rinstance. Lots of nice golf to be had, too, 'mong other things, at the London Country Club at Hendon, where, by the way, there was a perfectly good BYSTANDER competition last week—mixed—with women from all the best clubs partnered by all the best "pros.," for a gorgeous £500 prize. Thought of going in for it meself (and, 'course, should have won it), only seemed rather a waste of time in this rather d'lightful club, where you can lunch and dine and dance and play lawn tennis, and do so many other fascinating things.

Season's not really begun yet 'xactly, but getting quite near it now. And already there's

"Dancing at the Riviera Club"

millions of weddings happening and going to happen:

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn.

And there's a sort of spring-y feeling about everything. M.P.'s are still making holiday—I wonder, by the way, what happens to some of those triumphant tyrants of the Commons when they get settled down at home again for a bit of rest and quiet with their humble and downtrodden wives? And even world's-workers have still got hanging about 'em a sort of sensation of something fresh and new and bracing, that their already half-forgotten holidays have planted in their very bones.

Which reminds me, perfectly lovely holiday feeling to be re-acquired, if lost, from that completely and entirely fascinating film, "Peg o' My Heart," at the Palace. Wherein Laurette Taylor, making her screen *début*, proves once and for all that character *does* count on the movies, just as it does on the stage.

'Fraid I love frivolousness, I do. And have never loved anything quite so much as the new Gertrude Jennings' play at the Haymarket (I say it in fear and trembling, 'cos most of the critics have been so serious and severe about it). 'S'lutely frivolous, it is. No moral, no anything. Athene Seyler, a perfectly captivating, but completely unmoral, seamstress, with charming, handsome son, who wins love of Cabinet Minister's daughter. All ideals upset. Etcet.

But, after all, we did laugh at it. And to be allowed even gently to smile is a boon not lightly to be cast away these spring days—what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Broadcasting a Heath Robinson Drawing

A "BYSTANDER" WIRELESS COMPETITION.

ON Thursday, April 19th, at 8 p.m., MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON, the famous "Bystander" humorous artist, will be introduced to listeners-in from "2 L.O.," the London Station of the British Broadcasting Company. He will then proceed to draw, on the spot, one of his humorous drawings. As he draws he will describe his picture in detail. From this description listeners-in are invited to make a sketch in the HEATH ROBINSON style and send it in to the Editor not later than first post on Monday, April 30th. Prizes will be awarded to the three best attempts:—

FIRST PRIZE, **£10 10s.** SECOND PRIZE, **£5 5s.** THIRD PRIZE, **£3 3s.**

In addition, a SPECIAL PRIZE of **£2 2s.** will be given to the best attempt sent in by children up to 12 years of age.

You need not be an artist in order to compete. The prizes will be awarded to the sketches most nearly approaching the details of MR. HEATH ROBINSON'S own drawing, which will be published in "The Bystander" after the competition closes.

Each drawing must be accompanied by the special coupon on page vi of this issue. The coupon will also appear in our next two issues.

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Then must the heart of Nature sadden
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When beauty sleeps.

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In heavy quality Silk Tricot, 6 Gns.

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FAREWELL TO "ROLAND"

By "MARCEL"

"Such good test for their simplicity"

PAUVRES AMIS—

IF this letter should be packed with the halts, the pauses, even the stops, you must kindly attribute it to the excess of my emotion. I have lost a dear friend. "Roland" is gone from us for ever.

FROM the midst of the vast ocean on which he is now sailing, I know his thoughts will be turned to us; and if he is enduring the bitterest pangs at the absence from his *Paris adoré*, he will also be filled with regrets that he cannot be picturing for the benefit of his *amis anglais* the latest of its charms and interests. We had collaborated for so long in this pleasant occupation that one had ceased to envisage the possibility that the collaboration might not continue for ever.

"At the old Bal Tabarin"

WE shall miss "Roland" from our merry band. Without him we shall be an aimless pack of wanderers, drifting from one haunt to another, and knowing not where to find a *foyer*. For "Roland" was the inspirer of our meanderings, knowing always what was the newest thing to be done or seen, of which could be given an account to the *amis anglais*; appreciating also when it failed to compare with some older institution that it was intended to supplant; and heading us back to the sounder establishment which had stood the test of time. Often we have had this experience, and always it has proved accurate judgment in the end.

WE shall miss him at the Restaurant Rotonde, both upstairs and down. Perhaps some of you who only remember the Rotonde of the *avant-guerre* may have been unaware that it has now an upstairs as well as a down. Well, the new upstairs has been nearly a failure when it has been opened as a grill-room. The artists have *boudé*. They have said that they did not care to see the big glasses of beer reflected in the great gilt mirrors. It made them think they had another glass in reserve and caused much disappointment when they remembered the sad truth. They preferred to sit beside the age-dulled mirrors to which they were accustomed, and which did not kindle the false hopes of endless supplies.

MOREOVER, they felt their food was not so tasty amid so much dazzling splendour. We shared the prejudices of the old *habitués*. But "Roland" argued that the food was cheaper than in most of the restaurants of similar standard. And nowadays it is generally difficult to get a table for dinner in the grill-room of the Rotonde, which is fair proof of the claims made for it. The *amis anglais*, whom "Roland" has taken there, have no doubt passed on the good word, for the English language is heard quite as much as the French.

WE shall miss him at the Bal Bullier, particularly at the dances of the Tuesday night. He liked to go also on the Saturday night, when the vast hall is crowded with the girls from the shops, but as a spectator only. So many of these *demoiselles de magasin* have the habit to create fashions in frocks for themselves, and a greater number of these *créations* are particularly charming. The more so, as they generally exhibit such good taste in their simplicity. But there is not much room to dance on the Saturday night. That was why Tuesday was in favour as the night of activity for the band.

AND I wonder what will now be the fate of the Saturday midnight *rendezvous*. We had the

"Crossed in the tango"

habit to collect at this gay hour at the Bal Tabarin to witness the *defilé*. There is a quaintness about this ceremony that grows upon one the more frequently that one witnesses it. At the first acquaintance, no doubt, it will be considered to be crude, but subsequently you catch the spirit. And leading personalities of the stage have participated in this *defilé* in the past, when no doubt they were remunerated with the wondrous stipend of five francs the performance. You have had, recently, giving exhibitions in one of your most fashionable London restaurants, a Parisienne who first made her mark as a dancer on the floor of the old Bal Tabarin.

And, after the closing hour at the Tabarin, Zelli's. Here we shall feel the absence of "Roland" most emphatically when it comes to a discussion about the merits of the champagne. Who else is there who can insist that Joe shall come himself and confess which brand has had the best place in the cellar recently? For Joe is an autocratic person, who does not make the confessions to everyone. And yet these conditions of the cellar are a matter of much consequence. One cannot trust one's champagne fate merely to a label. If you get crossed in the champagne it is pretty certain your steps are going to be crossed in the tango.

"The voyage of matrimony"

There are other places from which we shall miss the pilot, but, perhaps, it is better to close the list. The enumeration but adds to the bitterness of the cup. MARCEL

P.S.—I have just realised that I had failed to explain the nature of the voyage on which "Roland" has departed. It is the voyage of matrimony. That is what makes the prospect so completely hopeless. From any other voyage there would be the possibility of return, to which we could look forward. But not this one. Fernande knows the habits of the band sufficiently to be opposed to that. We wish you *Bon voyage*, "Roland," but we know it is "Good-bye."

Can You Title This Picture? 100 Guineas in Prizes

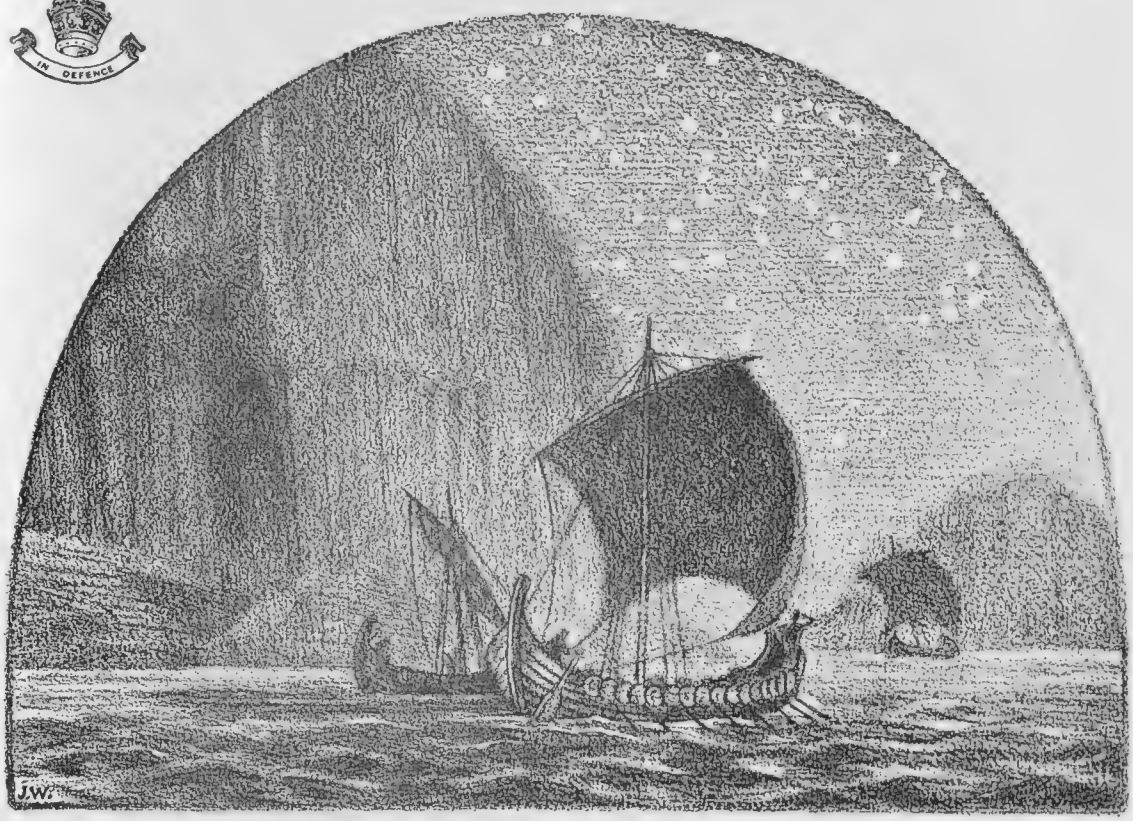
This intriguing picture was originally intended by the artist for submission to this year's Royal Academy. The Editor, however, thought it *much* too good for Burlington House, and at once secured it for BYSTANDER readers. He is offering the following prizes for the smartest titles to the picture:

1st Prize, 50 Gns.; 2nd Prize, 20 Gns.; 3rd Prize, 10 Gns.; and 20 One-Guinea BYSTANDER Bridge Sets.

This Competition will remain open for a few weeks in order to allow our readers abroad to compete. The closing date will be announced later, but competitors—especially those living abroad—should enter immediately to ensure that their entries are received in time. Each entry must be made on the special coupon appearing on page iv of this issue or on similar coupons appearing in each subsequent issue of "The Bystander" until the closing date. Any number of titles may be sent in, but each attempt must be made on the official coupon.

A reproduction of the beautiful double-page picture in full colour which appeared in our issue of March 28. A limited number of full-size reproductions in colour on art paper may be obtained, post free, from the Publisher, on receipt of postal order for 3/-

Pictures from OSSIAN.—I



OINA-MORUL.

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin, on high, from ocean's nightly wave.

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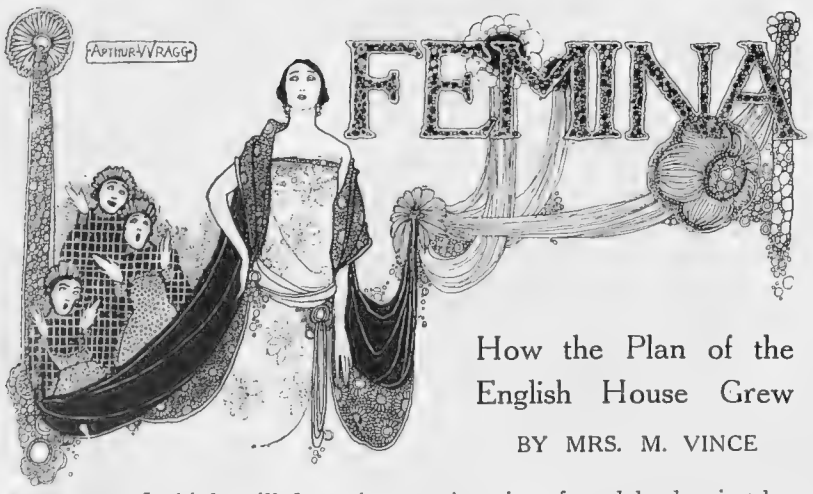

How the Plan of the English House Grew

BY MRS. M. VINCE

WHAT I think will have interested and pleased everyone who went to see the Exhibition of English Architecture, held a short time ago at Grosvenor House, is that it was composed entirely of photographs and models. There were none of those plans which to most people are dull and tiresome and hard to understand.

And yet, though it is quite natural that they should prefer pictures to plans, it still remains true that it is the plan of the house which, to by far the greater number of people, ought to be the most interesting thing about them. There are, unfortunately, thousands who care little or nothing for beautiful houses. But everyone who lives in a house must be interested in its plan; for on the plan, the arrangement of the rooms and their relation to one another, depend its every comfort and convenience.

IT still remains a problem how to make plans both clear and interesting; how, in fact, to make them half-picture and half-plan as the old map-makers did with their maps. What we want at exhibitions of houses is not so much models of exteriors, like those which were at Grosvenor House, but models of the interiors, a roofless model of each floor so that one could look down into the rooms, and see the whole floor.

A series of models showing how the interior plan of the English house grew from the fortified castles of the middle ages to the great country-houses of the eighteenth century, and to the houses of to-day, would interest everyone. And everyone, as a preliminary, ought to know the outlines of that growth.

THE first and most surprising thing is the slowness with which the plan of the English house changed. The ways of life altered; the enormously thick walls and the moats disappeared; the narrow slits to let in light and air became real windows; castles gave way to houses; instead of defence the chief aim became comfort and luxury; foreign artists brought new ideas of architecture to England; centuries passed, but the *plan* of the English house remained the same. Its chief feature was still, up to the seventeenth century, the great hall, with the living-rooms built out from one end of it, and the kitchens and offices built out at the other. This was still the chief feature just as it had been four or five hundred years before, when one large hall, dimly lit with slits high up in the thick walls, furnished with rough trestle-tables and benches, and carpeted with rushes, was the place where practically the whole household lived, ate and slept, while all the privacy there could be was obtained by such little rooms, scarcely more than recesses, as it was possible to make in the thickness of the walls themselves.

OUT of this hall of the Norman keep the English house has grown. There came first the kitchen at one end, and a single private room at the other. As the centuries passed, more and more rooms were added at either end. By the seventeenth century great houses had, if we except the bathroom, all the rooms that a house has to-day. There were bedrooms. There was the withdrawing room, the parlour, the breakfast-room and the study. These were the rooms at the one end of the hall. At the other end were the kitchen, the buttery and the pantry, and the scullery. There were "dry larders" and "wet larders" and a serving-room; and the different head servants all had their own rooms. But, still, there was the great hall, inherited from the castle-keep, dividing the two parts of the house from one another.

IT was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that there came the real change in the plan which had persisted for so long. Then the great hall, which had outlived its use with the building of so many rooms, at last became the hall of to-day. Instead of being the chief living-room, it became the vestibule, out of which the living-rooms opened. At the same time it became customary to have all the living-rooms on the ground-floor, and the bed-rooms on the floors above. Even the basement for servants began to appear. Here at last we have the plan of the house as we know it to-day, but it had taken five centuries for that plan to be evolved out of the first primitive plan of the fortified castle, and during all that time the great hall for general use had been the centre of the whole idea of the English house. M. V.

DEAR URSULA, *April 6th*
With décolleté dresses and bare arms, a deep gauntlet cuff of gold tissue is rather unexpected But such is fashion! After all, one must wear "something" — if for no other reason than to encourage trade. —

PAM IN PARIS

This little "lady of the lamp" is not only lighted from beneath, but carries a small electric bulb under her sunshade.—

Perfumes come and perfumes go, but sweet lavender has the tradition of romance. This painted lady is really a bag filled with lavender. She sleeps in my linen chest.
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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

It is fashionable these days to speak of Tennyson as though he had been a milk-and-watery poet, very well-suited, no doubt, to those queerly staid Victorians, but obviously no use to our very modern and erudite selves. That, however, is generally the verdict of those who keep a volume of the poet (for the sake of respectability) neatly on the shelf, without ever reading it. Mr. Harold Nicolson's study of *Tennyson* (Constable: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) is a very remarkable piece of work which I heartily recommend to your notice. You may not agree with all his views, but that will not matter. Here is an essay, thoughtful and vivid throughout, which will rouse up your interest and assuredly cause you to take down that volume and read it at long last. Afterwards, it is probable that you will never again be good-humouredly contemptuous towards the poet.

⁂

Here is Mr. Compton Mackenzie in a fresh mood which is at once unexpected and very welcome. *The Seven Ages of Woman* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a piece of most delicate work which no one can help liking and admiring. It is a series of seven vignettes in the life of a woman, born in trouble, it is true, but destined never to stray very far from the conventional path. Mary Flower in herself is in no sense an "interesting" woman. She is almost painfully ordinary. She does not follow her heart on the one great occasion, and her life is never "dramatic." In the hands of a less finished writer, indeed, she would have been dull. As it is she is alive, and her story, fragmentary though it be, is alive. The book leaves an impression of great power and beauty.

⁂

It was bound to come sooner or later! Those gland-doctors who give you back your long-lost youth provide too good an opportunity for the novelist to miss. It is, perhaps, a little unexpected to find a writer like Gertrude Atherton first in the field, but in *Black Oxen* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) she has managed to weave a good story round a beautiful lady about whom New York is not unnaturally suspicious. And it says much for the care which Mrs. Atherton has given to her book that you accept the apparent miracle of a lady of nearly sixty appearing in the guise of little more than a *débutante*. But if you do undergo this new treatment you must be prepared for the consequences. However young you may look and feel, is it fair that you should marry a youngster? Mrs. Atherton has her own solution to the problem, and her book, if on the long side, is a piece of good work.

⁂

Mr. Roland Pertwee is to be envied. There is an almost Lockian sprightliness about his writings, and he is also of the Philips Oppenheim school. You may, therefore, be sure of an exciting story, told in a manner which is the very reverse of that usually to be found in novels of sensation. *The Eagle and the Wren* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a worthy successor to *Out to Win*. The theft of plans for a new and most wondrous helicopter leads its inventor into all kinds of weird adventures.

⁂

I can recommend an old-time yarn of the days when there were prize-fights with stakes which were commendably small. It is called *Old Fighting Days* (Bale: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and is by E. R. Punshon. The plot is as old as the hills, but why not? There is a very fine hero (who, of course, turns out to be a baronet) and a wicked nobleman, and fine fights in the old racket court in St. Martin's Lane. The whole thing goes with a swing.

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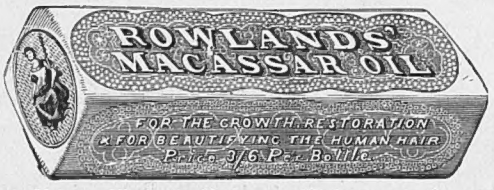

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Rules of the Competition

In every case the reply must be a SINGLE DEFINITE CALL. If any condition or limitation be added, the reply will be DISQUALIFIED.

The correct replies to the questions will be determined by PLEBISCITE; that is to say, the decision adjudged to be correct will be that which is established by the majority of the answers received.

The prize-winners will be those who send in the greatest number of correct calls. In the case of ties, the accuracy of the placing of the cards in Problem VIII will be taken into account; and in the event of a further tie the prize money will be divided.

In all cases of doubt or dispute the decision of 'YARBOROUGH' shall be final.

The Competition closes on April 28th. A copy of the previous problems will be sent free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

PROBLEM No. 7. SCORE: Game all; love all. WHAT SHOULD Z SAY, holding ♥ None; ♣ A, K, 9, 8, 7, 6, 3, 2; ♦ None; ♠ A, J, 10, 7, 4?

PROBLEM No. 8. SCORE: AB, game and 28; YZ game and love. Z (holding ♥ A, Q, 9; ♣ A, K; ♦ A, K, Q, 9, 3; ♠ Q, 10, 3) Two No-trumps; A, No; Y, Three Spades; B, Four Hearts; Z Four Spades; A, No; Y, No; B, doubles. What should Z say now?

N.B.—This deal is taken from the actual bidding of four expert players. Competitors are required to set out what they think was the actual distribution of the three non-seen hands, denoting all cards below a 10 by a **X**.

NOTE.—*A and B are partners against Y and Z. Z is always the dealer, and A is on his left.*

Replies should only be sent for the complete eight hands. Address replies, stating name and address of your wine merchant, to J. & G. Stewart, Ltd., 34 West Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, marking the envelope with the name of this paper.

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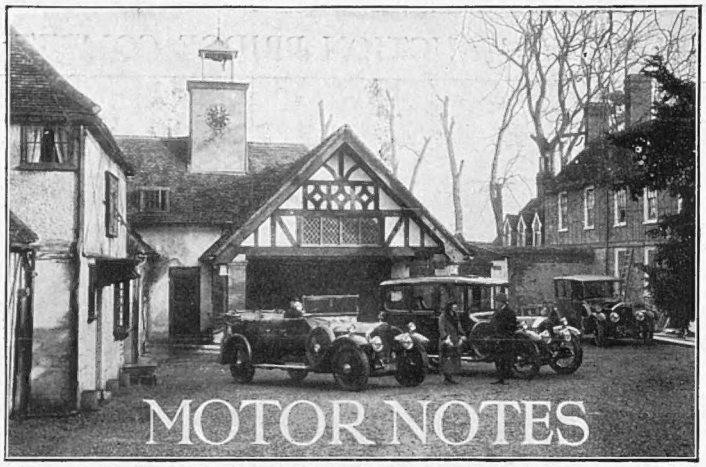
MOTOR NOTES



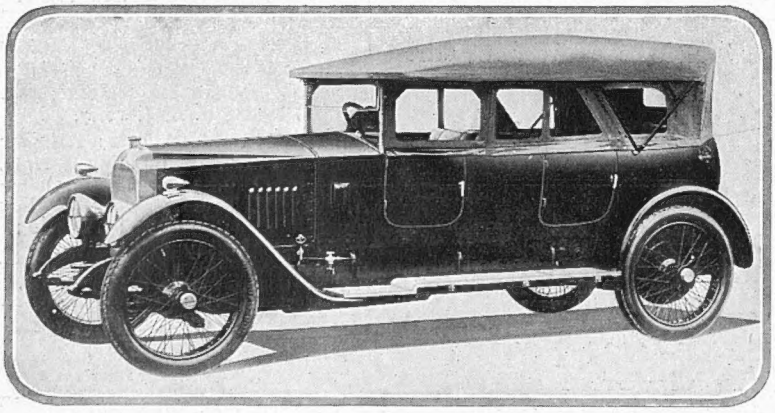
A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE
The courtyard of Ickleford Manor, Hitchin, Herts, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doughty, (who are seen here with their three Napier cars) a large portion of which was recently destroyed by fire

MOTOR-CAR owners are a confiding lot of chaps, and put implicit faith in the goods which are given to them. All the same, I have got no faith in the size of the batteries that are put in cars, at any rate for winter use, as unless they are constantly being re-charged or boosted at a garage, they can seldom stand up for long nights and much starting work during the day, especially when their owners are driving them in towns and cities. Quite a number of men I know have fitted their cars with a dry acetylene set of Allen-Liversidge lamps, either as spot lights and a spare tail lamp, or as side lamps, so as to use them when they are leaving their cars standing in such places where they have to keep the lights going at night. I fitted a set myself recently, and it has saved my battery from being run out many a time. A "twelve foot" cylinder lasts an unconscionable time it seems to me, as the tail lamp burner is quite diminutive, and you can adjust the side lamps to use very little acetylene gas. It is well worth the small expense as a permanent stand-by, if nothing else, though I have not had the luck which happened to a motorist recently, whose main cable came apart at the positive terminal owing to corrosion due to sulphating, thus putting his electric lights out of commission, as the dynamo burst all the filaments. By the by, it is a useful tip to vaseline those self-same terminal ends to stop them from sulphating.

***

I HEAR from Mr. Eric Loder that he has been doing his best to break up the new 12 h.p. Talbot on the road recently, in a long and fearsome run of 1,500 miles, from London to the Riviera and back. He drove this car single-handed the whole 775 miles from Boulogne to Monte Carlo, and found the road "beyond description or expression" between Boulogne and Abbeville. Last year I found it pretty bad myself, but it would appear that it has got even worse. Notwithstanding the potholes, the Talbot's performance was excellent, as its actual average speed (not merely running speed) from Boulogne to Cannes was just over 27 miles per hour for over 700 miles, as calculated by the representative of the *Autocar* who was his passenger. Loder's run brings me back to the time when my friend, H. R. Pope, was always making these London to the sunny south non-stop runs—unofficial trials of destruction I used to think they were—but somehow nothing ever was "destructed," and both Pope and the car, together with the passengers, used to knock a bit more off the record every time. However, this is the first time a really small car has done such a wonderful trip in so short a time, though I do not know what the R.A.C. is going to say to me and my friend of the *Autocar* for talking about it.

OLD HY.



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